

FAME ^{AND} FORTUNE WEEKLY.

STORIES OF BOYS THAT MAKE MONEY.

A YOUNG BROKER'S MONEY OR TRAPPING THE SHARPERS OF WALL ST.

AND OTHER STORIES

By A Self-Made Man



"What's the matter with you?" roared Brownlow. "I bid 90 on the stock." "No, you didn't; I bid it," retorted Sharkey. The two excited men suddenly sprang at each other like a pair of wildcats. "Gentlemen," protested Bob, "cut it out."

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FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

Issued Weekly—Subscription price, \$3.50 per year; Canada, \$4.00; Foreign, \$4.50. Harry E. Wolff, Publisher, 100 West 23d Street, New York, N. Y. Entered as Second-Class Matter, October 4, 1911, at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. *19th Tues. Jan. 24 1922*

No. 822

NEW YORK, JULY 1, 1921

Price 7 Cents

A Young Broker's Money

OR, TRAPPING THE SHARPERS OF WALL ST.

BY A SELF-MADE MAN

CHAPTER I.—The Accusation.

"You're an ingrate—an ingrate, do you understand?" roared George Leslie, a well-dressed gentleman, his handsome features distorted by anger.

"Sir, you wrong me," protested Robert King, a smart-looking young fellow of nineteen years.

"Wrong you!" cried the gentleman. "Do you deny the evidence of your own signature on the back of that check for \$1,000, made payable to your order? Do you deny that is your signature attached to that I O U for \$1,000 in favor of John Billings, a notorious gambler of this city? Billings' presumed endorsement follows yours on the check. That indicates as clear as daylight that you gave him the check in payment of the I O U. I need not tell you, sir, that that check bears my forged signature. So to your folly you have added a crime. To think that I have nourished a viper in my bosom these seven years past and I believed you one of the finest boys in New York. I took you into my office and gave you the opportunity to rise to a position of trust. This is my reward," said the gentleman, pacing up and down his handsomely furnished library, his rage growing as he spoke.

"Will you hear me, sir?" said the boy, as calmly as his agitation would permit him to speak.

"No, I won't hear you!" roared the gentleman. "Nothing you can say could alter the evidence that lies before me. If it were the check alone I would give you the chance to try and explain its existence, but the I O U—that covers the whole ground. You have evidently been gambling, and with that disreputable Billings—a man whose name often appears in the newspapers in connection with some dishonorable episode. He won 1,000 from you, and as you did not have the money you had to give him your written promise to pay the sum on demand. A man of his character did not long let you remain in his debt. He demanded the cash, accompanied perhaps by a threat to expose the transaction, and to bridge over the difficulty you forged the check and passed it to him, in the belief that when it came back from the bank I would be in Europe and you would find means to suppress it. Look here, young man, you are the son of the best friend I ever had, and for that reason the matter shall go no further than this room. But you have forfeited my confidence and must leave my employ at once, as well as my house. I am intensely disappointed in you, the more so as your general conduct has been

so glit-edged that I was almost willing to swear by you. It is evident that whatever you were at first you have developed into an accomplished actor. You will therefore make your arrangements to leave my house without unnecessary delay, and Saturday you will quit my office. That's all. You can go."

"You are doing me a gross injustice, Mr. Leslie," said the boy. "I never saw that check, which you say is a forged one, nor that I O U, until you showed them to me a few minutes ago. I have never gambled in my life, and I have never even met John Billings. My signature on the back of the check and attached to the I O U were never written by me, and I cannot understand how they come to be there."

The speaker's words were having some effect on the broker, who had always liked the boy, and matters might have reached a different conclusion had not the lad used the words, "a square deal."

As the boy had a considerable amount of pride in the way he was conducting himself under Mr. Leslie's roof-tree, and as his lately appointed representation on the floor of the Exchange, he regarded the broker's accusation as a monstrous one and became justly indignant when he saw that Mr. Leslie would not permit him to justify himself.

"Very well, sir, if you won't let me say a word in my own defence I will accept your dismissal under protest and will leave your house," he said, with dignity. "Perhaps you will soon discover how unfairly you have treated me. No one can regret more than myself that this unfortunate rupture between us has happened. You have been a good friend to me since my father's death placed me to a certain extent in your care, and I shall never forget your kindness. Good-by!"

As Bob walked out, the broker, much impressed by his last words, began to relent and he called to him to stay, but the boy did not hear him, and presently the front door closed behind him.

Bob had not the heart to go to his room then and begin his packing up. He felt stunned by the turn of events, which had come upon him like a bolt of lightning out of a clear sky. He wanted to think over what had happened. He wanted to consider how it had come about that a forged check, made out to his order and bearing his indorsement, had passed through his employer's hand and reached that gentleman's eyes; and he wanted to speculate on the remarkable fact of the I O U bearing his signature.

Had it been the question of the check alone he would have figured that some person, familiar with the broker's methods, and who had secured his own signature, had raised \$1,000 on the paper; but the appearance of the I O U in connection with the check showed rather that it was a deliberate piece of conspiracy.

Mr. Leslie lived in a fine modern house up in the Bronx, away from the noise of the elevated road, and in a neighborhood not thickly settled, but populated by a nice class of people.

As Bob walked along, deep in thought, with no particular destination in view, he unconsciously turned into a street that had few houses on either side of the way. On one side, about the middle of the block, was an old house standing in the midst of extensive grounds. Originally a narrow lane had led up to the big gate in the high stone wall that surrounded the old house. As Bob drew near the frowning iron gate, still wrapped in unpleasant thought, the heavy oak portals of the house opened suddenly, were then shut with a hasty bang that echoed on the night air, and two persons—one a man of perhaps forty and the other a boy with a panic-stricken face, both very well dressed—hurried to the gate, threw it wide open and, leaving it so, rushed down the street. When they saw Bob they made a rapid turn and rushed off the other way.

It happened, however, that the slamming of the door aroused Bob from his brown study and he looked up in time to catch a fleeting glance at the faces of the two persons as they wheeled about and hurriedly preceded him up the short block. He recognized them, or thought he did, in some surprise, as Herbert Leslie, Mr. Leslie's nephew, and Henry Higgings, his private tutor.

Both lived in the Leslie house, and were on apparently friendly terms with Bob, though it is true that Bob and Herbert were not very companionable as their close association and equal age might have presupposed. Bob recognized his surroundings at the same moment that he believed he saw the countenances of Herbert and his tutor.

"I wonder how I came to turn into Woodbine Terrace?" he asked himself. "I did not know that Herbert was acquainted with anybody on this street, and, above all, in that old mansion. I wonder why he and Higgings were in such a hurry. Why they even omitted to shut the gate after them. I might as well close it."

As his hand rested on the big gate a window was suddenly thrown open above and the white, terrified face of a young and lovely girl appeared there.

"Help! Murder! Help!" she shrieked.

Bob stared up at her in consternation.

CHAPTER II.—Concerning Herbert Leslie and Tutor.

Some hours before, or about two o'clock in the afternoon, while Bob was on the floor of the Stock Exchange looking after his employer's business orders and blissfully unconscious of the storm gathering over his head, Herbert Leslie was sitting in his private apartment in the Leslie house in company with Henry Higgings. Higgings, who had been connected with one of the many academies

for boys scattered over the country, had answered Mr. Leslie's advertisement for a private tutor to prepare his nephew for college and secured the position. It was a snap, as such things go, though it was not expected to last long. It proved to be more of a snap for Higgings than that individual dreamed of. Before he had been a week in the house he found that his pupil had no great desire to go to college, and was so deficient in his mental attainments that, even with the earnest co-operation of the boy, it would be a herculean task to prepare him to successfully pass the necessary examination.

Higgings also discovered that Henry was, to some extent, a "high roller," or young-man-about-town. The present situation was a godsend to him, for he was hard up when it fell in his way, and he proceeded to play it for all it was worth, since he recognized the fact that it was only a temporary job. The duties he was called upon by the broker to execute did not extend much longer than a week or ten days, and by that time he and Herbert were hand-in-glove, and, like birds of a feather, were always together, night and day. He reported progress to Mr. Leslie, though hinting that Herbert was far behind, which the broker admitted. Herbert and Higgings sat facing each other at the center-table. In place of schoolbooks they were handling a pack of cards. Herbert was much more familiar with this and other games, some of them of chance, than he was with books of knowledge.

Although the games were merely indulged in to pass the time, they were made interesting by the risk of a dollar bill on each. Most of the dollar bills invariably came Higgings' way, which showed that his luck or skill was better than his pupil's. As Herbert spent a good deal more money than his uncle allowed him, which, by the by, was an inconsiderable amount, but amply sufficient to defray his legitimate expenses, it stood to reason that he either had a private income of his own or got his funds from some other source. We may as well say that he had no private income, and for some time prior to the coming of Higgings he had raised the wind by borrowing from his friends, or "striking" his uncle for divers extra sums on one excuse or another.

His friends finally got tired of advancing cash that never came back and they shut down on him. One of them who had loaned Herbert \$50 in small sums, and won \$100 more from him at cards, represented by I O U's that were worthless, finally suggested that the boy could get all the money he wanted by visiting a certain "loan shark." This individual was a shrewd, elderly man who made advances only to persons of good social standing, whose prospects admitted of repayment. His name was Caleb Drew, and he lived in the old house on Woodbine Terrace, which he owned, with his granddaughter, Claire Coleman, a house-keeper and a gardener. He did a good business in loans to prospective and actual heirs. In these cases his rates were higher still and he did not always insist on an indorser. The party who drew Herbert's attention to this source of raising money agreed to take the boy to the money-lender's house and introduce him on his promise to pay the \$150 due him. Herbert agreed, and the pair called at the old house on the terrace one eve-

ning. The boy wanted \$500. Caleb Drew questioned him closely and finally agreed to let him have \$450 on a \$500 note indorsed by his uncle. Herbert said his uncle wouldn't indorse any note for him; besides, he didn't want his uncle to know that he was borrowing money.

"Well, get some other indorser that will accept and you can have the money for three months," said the money-lender.

So Herbert left to find some responsible person to indorse his note. He couldn't find anybody willing to take the responsibility. Then it was he learned that the chambermaid in the house had \$700 in bank. He persuaded her to transfer her book to Caleb Drew, on the promise of \$50. The money-lender advanced him \$650 on it, and he gave the girl the promised \$50. The three months were nearly up when Henry Higgings came to live at the house. Herbert was beginning to get nervous because he saw no chance of redeeming the bank-book, and if it was lost the girl would surely squeal to his uncle, and then things would happen. He mentioned his trouble to Higgings and told the terms on which Drew advanced money.

"You'll have to get your uncle to indorse your note for \$750, take it to the money-lender and get the book back," said Higgings.

"But I'll have to explain things to my uncle, and that will be almost as bad for me as the girl squealing."

"I perceive your difficulty, my dear boy, and will try to help you out. Write out your note and I will see if I can get your uncle to indorse it without making any fuss about it."

"How can you do that?" asked Herbert, wondering.

"Leave it to me," said Higgings.

So Herbert made out the note and handed it to him. Next afternoon Higgings handed him the note back and it bore Mr. Leslie's signature as indorser. Herbert recognized his uncle's handwriting and was astonished.

"How did you manage it?" he asked.

"Don't let that worry you, my dear fellow," said the instructor. "I've made it all right for you."

"You've saved me, and I'm awfully obliged to you," said the boy.

That evening he visited Drew, presented the note and asked for the girl's book and \$25 bonus. He got the book, but no bonus, after some questioning on the money-lender's part. The chambermaid was delighted to receive her bank-book back, for she had been somewhat nervous over it, fearing that Herbert might not be able to redeem it. Next morning Higgings began talking about Bob King. He got from Herbert the history of Bob's career since he came to live with Mr. Leslie.

"He seems to be pretty solid with your uncle," said the tutor.

"He is," admitted Herbert. "I wish he wasn't."

"I don't fancy King much, to tell you the truth," said Higgings. "He isn't just my style. He doesn't drink, nor smoke, nor does he care to go around nights having a good time. He's too much of a model chap to suit my views. Now, there's some style about you. You're one of the boys, though you are a bit young—a good fellow,

and I like you. You're a chap that will always be popular because you're the right sort."

Herbert felt flattered by the tutor's estimate of him. He was not sharp enough to see that Higgings had an axe to grind.

"Personally, of course, I've nothing against King," went on Higgins. "I don't fancy him, that's all. But as you and I are warm friends, I regard it as my duty to do all I can for you. Now, I think I see my way to help you brush this obstruction out of your path."

"Tell me how," said Herbert, eagerly.

"No, not just now. All I want you to do is to get me King's signature."

"I think I've got the last letter he wrote me when I was at Seaview Academy. I'll look in my trunk and see."

"Do so at once."

Herbert found the letter and passed it over to Higgings.

"That will do nicely," said the tutor. "In a few days you'll see results."

It was the fifth day after that conversation that we find Herbert and Higgings playing cards in the former's room at two o'clock in the afternoon, as we have already described.

"There's a gentleman below who insists on seeing you, Mr. Herbert," said the maid, entering. "I told him you were engaged at your lessons and could not be disturbed, but he said he wouldn't interrupt you but a minute."

"Who is he, Delia?" asked Herbert.

"He said his name was Caleb Drew."

"Show him up, Delia," said Herbert.

In about a minute a smoothly shaven, elderly man was ushered into the room.

"To what do I owe the pleasure of this visit, Mr. Drew?" asked Herbert.

"I am a man of few words and I always speak to the point," replied the money-lender, sharply. "When you called at my house a short time ago to redeem that bank-book, you tendered me your own note for \$750 bearing the indorsement of your uncle. I have discovered that the indorsement is a forgery."

"You astonish me," said the boy.

"Very likely," said Drew, sarcastically. "The note being worthless, I'll have to request you to return me the sum in question, plus——"

"What, \$750? You mean \$650. The extra hundred was for a three months' accommodation. I haven't had the money more than ten days, so you can't——"

"I shall insist on the face of the note, without reference to the time the note had to run, plus \$250 more as a penalty for attempting to swindle me."

"I didn't attempt to swindle you. I supposed uncle's signature was genuine until——"

Herbert stopped suddenly as Higgins trod on his foot under the table.

Herbert's last word, as well as his confused pause, was not lost on Drew.

"Until when?" he asked, with a grim smile.

"Until you undeceived him just now," put in Higgings, craftily.

The money-lender, however, didn't believe that was what the boy was about to say when he stopped. It was pretty hard to pull the wool over his eyes. But it didn't greatly matter, anyway.

He knew he had his debtor where the hair was short, and was prepared to take full advantage of the fact. That was one of the ways he made money.

"It is immaterial," he said. "The note is for \$750. If to-night, before ten, you do not bring me \$1,000 in cash——"

"One thousand!" gasped Herbert.

"One thousand," repeated Drew. "Fail to bring that sum to my house to-night, and to-morrow I shall visit your uncle at his office in Wall Street, show him the note and demand payment of its face. In that case you will save the extra \$250. Whether it will pay to let matters go that far is for you to decide. That's all. Having transacted my business with you I will now take my leave. I wish you a good-afternoon."

With those words the money-lender left the room.

CHAPTER III.—A Question of Money.

After the door had closed behind the money-lender there was silence in the room while Herbert stared aghast at Higgins. Outwardly the tutor was calmly indifferent; inwardly he was deeply concerned at the unexpected turn of events. As he felt that no dependence could be put in his pupil under such conditions he realized that he had to jump into the breach and settle the case somehow. Stowed away in his trunk he had a matter of \$850, the bulk of it the money he had realized on the forged check which was to work Bob King's undoing that evening. If the money-lender had been content merely to exact the face value of the note—\$750—Higgins would have seen his way clear, but Caleb Drew had tacked on \$250 more because he knew he held Herbert in his power, and it was his nature to take revenge on a debtor who had imposed on him. That additional \$250 made all the difference in the world about settling the difficulty. It was \$150 more than he could raise himself, but he believed that the boy might be able to produce it. At that point in his reflections Herbert found his tongue.

"What am I going to do, Mr. Higgins?" he asked, uneasily.

"The note has got to be taken up to-night," replied the tutor, promptly.

"But it is utterly impossible for me to raise \$750, much less \$1,000, which the old cormorant demands as the price of holding off."

"He has got you under his thumb, and is in a position to demand any sum he chooses. As he probably prefers money to revenge, he has made it \$250, which he thinks you'll be able to get in addition to the face value of the note."

"What he thinks I can do, and what I can do, are two very different propositions. I'm afraid I'm in a bad hole."

"Don't be discouraged. You remember our conversation the other day about King?"

"Yes."

"At my request you gave me a copy of his signature."

"Yes. Have you done anything yet?"

"I have. I drew up a check to his order for \$1,000 on a blank check which I managed to extract from your uncle's private check-book, and

signed Mr. Leslie's name to it. You see, I am frank with you, my dear fellow."

"My gracious!" ejaculated Herbert.

"The signature was as perfect as the one I executed on the back of your note, and the bank cashed it without question."

"Then you have the \$1,000?"

"I have \$800 of it. I had to give a friend \$200 for his help in putting the check through for me. All you have to do will be to add \$200 to it and you can settle with the money-lender to-night."

"I'll see what I can do," said Herbert, rising. "I will go out and look around."

"Do so, and don't show up at dinner-time without the \$200," said Higgins, in a decisive tone.

Ordinarily, \$200 would seem to be a small sum for a boy of Herbert's numerous well-fixed friends to raise under strenuous conditions, but sometimes events so shape themselves that man can't raise a dollar to save his life. It seems as if fate nearly always works that way when a person is in a bad predicament. Men who were absolutely solvent have gone to the wall because they found it impossible to raise a certain sum when unexpectedly pressed for it. At any rate, Herbert met obstacles at every turn, and finally went home without having secured a dollar. He didn't care to face Higgins under the circumstances, and he didn't know what to do. Suddenly he remembered the maid's bank-book. He hunted up the girl, put the matter up to her so strong that she yielded to his importunity and did as he wanted. Then he walked into the tutor's room and told him that he had raised the \$200.

"Good!" exclaimed Higgins. "Let me have it and I'll put it with the \$800."

Herbert then admitted that he had failed to raise the cash, and, as a last resort, had persuaded the maid to loan him her bank-book again and sign an order on it for \$200, payable to Caleb Drew.

"Suppose Drew won't accept that order?" said Higgins.

"Why shouldn't he? The order is as good as gold. All Drew has to do is to go to the bank and collect it."

Just then the bell rang for dinner and they went downstairs.

CHAPTER IV.—Shot.

Mr. Leslie was at the table when they entered the room, and he didn't look at all pleasant, which was unusual for him. Higgins was at no loss to account for his looks, believing, as he did, that the broker had found the forged I O U in his library. As a matter of fact, Mr. Leslie was still ignorant of the existence of that incriminating piece of paper, as he had not been in his library yet. What made him look ugly was the fact that he had in his pocketbook at that moment the forged check, which had reached him sooner than the tutor had counted on. The cashier of the office had received his book balance from the bank that afternoon, and on going through the cancelled checks had come across the \$1,000 one made out to Bob King's order, and as it did not tally

with any of the stubs in the check-book, and, moreover, it bore the printed name of an uptown bank which had been crossed and the name of the Wall Street bank substituted, he turned it over to Mr. Leslie for an explanation. The broker looked at it. As he had not at any time given Bob King a check for such a large sum he was both puzzled and suspicious. Examining his signature through a magnifying glass he detected the forgery. He sent for Bob, but that young man had gone off for the day to attend to some private business, so the broker went home in a very bad frame of mind.

Bob didn't come in till it was half over, and he was the last to leave the table, when the maid told him that Mr. Leslie wanted to see him in the library. Little thinking what he was up against, he went in there just as Herbert and Higgings passed out of the house. Tutor and pupil, the one smoking a cigar and the other a cigarette, proceeded toward Woodbine Terrace. Before they got there a friend of Herbert's came along and stopped to talk to him, and was introduced to Higgings. The friend finally proposed a visit to a nearby cafe, and the three went there and stayed nearly an hour, so that it was after nine o'clock when Herbert rang the bell at the money-lender's house. It was answered by the housekeeper, who had standing orders to admit nobody to the reception-room on the ground floor except persons whose faces she recognized as customers.

The only exception was where a stranger brought a letter of introduction. As the housekeeper knew Herbert's face he was admitted with his companion. Besides, the money-lender had told her he expected the young man would call that evening. Entrance to the reception-room was off the wide vestibule, a door having been cut there. Leaving Herbert and Higgings in the reception-room, the housekeeper pushed the button and passed through the inner door. In a few minutes she returned. This time she left the vestibule door open and showed the visitors upstairs into the money-lender's office, which was the front room on the second floor, overlooking the street. A curtained opening led off this into Mr. Drew's bedroom. The room was furnished in old-fashioned style, and in the daytime looked a bit musty, but at night, with the curtains drawn and the gas lighted it merely looked out-of-date, and perhaps a bit ghostly in the corners furthest from the old man's desk, which stood beside an ordinary sized steel safe.

Mr. Drew looked keenly at Higgings as the visitors took the chairs he pointed out. To say the truth, he did not fancy the tutor, for being an expert judge of character, as shown in every man's face, he knew that Higgings was a polished rascal.

"Well, have you brought the money?" he asked Herbert.

"I have brought \$800 in cash and an order on a savings bank for \$200 more," replied the boy.

"On your own savings bank?" said the money-lender, sharply.

"No. On the book you held as security before."

"I won't take it," said Drew. "That girl is a maid in your uncle's house, and she might never get the money back."

"What difference does that make to you?" said Herbert, flippantly.

"We will not discuss the matter, young man," said Drew, coldly. "I want \$1,000 cash from you."

"I have only \$800. If you won't take the order I'll bring you the \$200 in cash to-morrow night."

"Where will you get it? Probably you will persuade that confiding girl to go to her bank and draw the money for you. I don't want her money. When I took her book from you before I understood the case perfectly. Had you defaulted in the payment I should have visited your uncle, have handed him the girl's book with her assignment paper and left it to him to pay me the \$650, without interest, I had loaned you. I am a money-lender—a shark, maybe—but I do not intentionally take the savings of poor people. I deal with fools who can afford to pay high for money accommodation. Sometimes I make a mistake, as in your case, for you were strongly recommended, but I've had a detective watching you since you gave me your note with the forged indorsement. I suspected that the signature was not genuine, for it is my experience that a business man like your uncle would not indorse that note, but would have settled the original loan with his check and cut you out from further dealings with me. My detective discovered other things besides what his orders called for. He learned the identity of the penman who forged that indorsement."

At those words, Higgings sprang on his feet with a livid face. The old man fixed him with his eye. The bluff he had made use of had worked. The detective he had referred to was a mere sham. He suspected that the boy's companion was not only his evil adviser, but the forger, and his purpose was to unmask him.

"What do you mean?" almost hissed Higgings.

"I mean that you are the man," replied the old man. "You forged George Leslie's name on the back of this foolish boy's note."

"It's a lie!" cried the tutor, furiously.

"It's the truth. Your face and actions betray you. You are one of the cormorants of society who prey on young men with money or prospects. Perhaps I do the same, but not in the same way. I respect the law at least, you do not, it is evident. Now, sir, I am going to settle with this young man for the face of the note, \$750, and that will let him out. He need never apply here again for money, for he won't be admitted. As for you——"

The money-lender took a typewritten slip from a pigeon-hole, ran his eye over it and then drew his desk telephone to him. Putting the receiver to his ear he said:

"Give me 999-X Bronx."

"You are about to call the police," said Higgings. "That you shall never do."

"Sit down," said the old man, opening a drawer and pulling out a cocked revolver.

With an imprecation, Higgings sprang on him, seized his hand and turned it inward with a sudden jerk. The weapon went off and the money-lender dropped back in his chair with a groan, the telephone receiver falling from his nerveless fingers. Herbert started up, appalled by what had taken place.

"Come away!" cried Higgings, seizing the

frightened boy by the arm and dragging him toward the door. At that moment the curtains of the bedroom parted and a lovely girl of perhaps seventeen years appeared. One glance toward the desk and, with a wild cry, she rushed across the room.

"Come, you fool!" roared Higgins, dragging Herbert out of the room.

Like one in a dream the boy suffered himself to be pulled down the stairs. The next thing he knew he was in the open air following the tutor to the gate.

CHAPTER V.—Police Investigation.

The shrieks of the girl at the window above thoroughly aroused Bob King, and he realized that something was decidedly wrong in the house.

"What's the trouble, miss?" he shouted back.

The girl looked down on hearing his voice.

"Oh, go for a doctor—quick! My grandfather has been shot and I fear he is dying. Do go as fast as you can!" she begged, earnestly.

That was enough for Bob, and he started off, post-haste, running all the way. He found a doctor's house by the glass sign in the window and rang the bell loudly.

"Is Dr. Black in?" he said to the maid that came.

"He is. Step in."

Bob was shown in there.

"A man has been shot in the big house surrounded by a stone wall on Woodbine Terrace, and I was sent to fetch you there," said the boy, hurriedly to the doctor.

"How came he to be shot?" asked the doctor.

"I couldn't tell you, as I know nothing about the circumstances of the case. I was simply passing at the moment a young girl opened the window and shouted, 'Help! Murder!' I asked her what was the matter and she said her grandfather had been shot and she feared he was dying. She told me to get a doctor quick, so I came here."

"I'll go with you," said the physician.

He jumped up, got his bag of instruments, went to a drawer and made an addition to it. Then he got his medicine hand-bag, for he happened to be a homœopathic doctor, though not exclusively so. The doctor pushed a button and put on his hat. The maid came and he told her where he was going. Then he and Bob left the house. They hurried to the big house, where the iron gate still stood wide open. Bob pulled the bell vigorously. In a few minutes the housekeeper opened the door.

"Is this the doctor?" she asked before the boy could say a word.

"Yes," replied the boy.

"Come in."

The physician entered and Bob hesitated about following when the woman told him to come in, too. He did so, and accompanied them upstairs to the room where the old money-lender lay back in his chair, unconscious, his shirt and vest dyed with blood. The doctor placed his instrument-bag on the floor and the other on the desk. After a sharp glance at the man's face, he placed his head against his heart and listened. Turning to Bob, he said:

"Help me remove him to the lounge."

Bob took the money-lender by the legs and he was laid on the leather lounge, which was then wheeled under the gas globe in the center of the room.

"Light another burner," he said to Bob.

Pulling up his coat-sleeves the doctor unbuttoned the old man's vest, pulled up his shirt and undershirt and located the wound. He opened his instrument case, took out his probe and proceeded to follow the course of the ball. He met with no obstruction in the shape of a foreign substance, and came to the conclusion that the bullet had passed entirely through his chest.

"He was shot in the chair?" he said to the girl.

"Yes, yes," she replied.

"By whom? Himself?" said the physician, suspecting a case of attempted suicide, for he saw the revolver lying on the floor near the chair.

"No, no! There was a man and a boy with him at the time. One of them must have shot him," said the girl, hysterically.

"See if you can find the bullet, young man," the doctor said to Bob.

The boy went over to the chair and found it right away. It had left a slight dent in the back of the chair. He brought it to the physician. The wound had bled considerably, which was a favorable sign, inasmuch as it betokened the absence of much internal hemorrhage.

"Do you think he will die, doctor?" asked the girl, tremulously.

"I have hopes that he may not. The wound is a dangerous one, but not necessarily a fatal one. It appears to have taken what I should call a favorable course; that is, no important organ has been touched by it."

"Thank heaven!" breathed the girl, tearfully.

"He is your grandfather?" said Bob, as the doctor proceeded with his business.

"Yes. The only relative I have in all the world," she said, weeping.

"There, don't cry, miss," said the boy, soothingly. "From what the doctor says, I judge he has a good chance to recover."

"I hope so. Oh, I hope so."

"If there is anything I can do for you let me know. I am entirely at your service."

"You are very good, and I am grateful to you. If you would remain a while after the doctor goes it will be a great favor. Our gardener is away this evening and there is nobody but Mrs. Gray and myself in the house."

"I will stay as long as I can be of any service to you."

"Thank you. It is so kind of you. Will you tell me your name?"

"Robert King."

"Mine is Claire Coleman. My grandfather's name is Caleb Drew. Do you live far from here?"

"I live at No. — Blank avenue, a few blocks from here. You say that a man and a boy was with your grandfather when he was shot, and that one of them did the shooting?"

"Yes."

"I saw a man and a boy rush out of the gate just before you opened the window and cried out, but I did not hear any shot fired."

"They must have been the ones. Mrs. Gray knows the boy by sight, and his name."

"What is it?" asked Bob, with a beating heart. "Leslie."

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Bob, quite staggered to have his suspicions confirmed.

"Do you know him?" she asked.

"I know a Herbert Leslie very well indeed, but I see no reason why he should be connected with the shooting of your grandfather. I am employed by his uncle, who is a Wall Street broker, and I live at their home," said Bob.

"Has the police been notified?" asked the doctor.

"No," said the girl.

At this moment there was a vigorous ring at the bell, which the housekeeper answered. She returned with a policeman.

"What has happened?" he asked.

"My grandfather was shot," replied Claire.

"His name, please?" said the officer, taking out his book.

The girl told him.

"Who shot him?"

Claire told her story, and the housekeeper furnished Herbert's name as one of the persons present at the time.

"The other was a man, and a stranger to me, who came with him."

Both the housekeeper and the girl became reticent when it came to an explanation as to the business that had brought the boy and the strange man to the house. The policeman noticed their reluctance to speak, and scenting a mystery, made a note of the fact. He decided that this was a case for a detective. So he went to the telephone, called up the station-house, told the important facts to the man at the other end of the wire, intimated that it appeared to be a case of an attempted murder or suicide, and advised the sending of a detective at once. He took charge of the revolver as a clue and piece of evidence, and sat down to remain in charge until relieved. In the meantime the doctor called on Bob to help him put the old man to bed, then he left medicine and directions and said he would call in the morning. Mr. Drew had regained consciousness, but on learning that he was not likely to die right away he refused to make any statement to the policeman concerning the shooting, except that it was the man, whose name he did not know, who had turned the revolver against his chest, causing him to shoot himself. He admitted to the policeman that he knew the boy, but refused to disclose his address.

"He had nothing to do with the matter at all," he said, weakly.

Bob was very glad to hear that, but, nevertheless, the whole thing wore an air of mystery to him. The housekeeper remained in attendance on the old man, while Bob and Claire sat together on the lounge, which had been pushed back against the wall. The policeman sat in the pivot chair in front of the desk, or walked up and down the room, as suited his humor. Bob was much impressed by Claire's loveliness, even without any of those frills that girls put on to increase their attractiveness. At that juncture the bell rang at the front door and Claire answered it. It proved to be a plain-clothes detective and another

policeman. The sleuth asked the girl a few questions and the two men followed her upstairs to the money-lender's office. The detective had a talk with the first officer, and got a pretty clear idea of the situation.

The detective started to see if he couldn't get at the bottom of the mystery. Until he questioned Bob he was inclined to suspect that the old man had drawn the revolver, either with the intent or threat of killing himself in the presence of his visitors and that when the man made the attempt to wrest the weapon from him it had gone off. This would account for the extreme reluctance of the housekeeper to give out information. Bob's admission that he had seen a man and a boy leave the house in great haste, and that immediately afterward the girl had thrown up the window and cried out, "Help! Murder!" altered his opinion considerably. He took down Bob's name and address and asked him what had brought him into the neighborhood.

"I was merely taking a walk."

"Would you know the man and the boy if you saw them again?"

"I might," replied Bob, in a hesitating tone.

The detective questioned the housekeeper, but she apparently knew nothing except that she had admitted the visitors. The boy she knew, but the man was a complete stranger to her. She was confident he had never been there before, but had simply accompanied the boy.

"Where were you when the shot was fired?"

"Downstairs in the dining-room."

"Did you hear it?"

"No."

"Did you hear the visitors leave in a hurry?"

"I did not."

"That's all," said the sleuth, who then went over to the desk. The pigeon-holes were full of papers and the safe indicated that the wounded man transacted considerable business, even if it was purely personal. The detective began inspecting some of the papers on the desk, whereupon Claire interfered and said he had no right to look into her grandfather's private matters.

"Your grandfather is well off, I judge?"

"I believe he is."

"I guess all his valuable papers are locked up in his safe."

"I suppose they are, but whatever is in his desk is just as private."

She pulled down the roll-top before the sleuth could stop her and pulled out the key, which she put in her pocket. In this way she blocked further investigation on the part of the police.

CHAPTER VI.—Bob Opens an Office.

It was after midnight when Bob got home, and he started to pack things at once. It was something of a job, and not an agreeable one, and took him over an hour. Then he went to bed. He was up at seven and out of the house. He went to the nearest restaurant for his breakfast.

Bob finished his breakfast and then spent an hour looking for a furnished room in that neighborhood. He finally found one that suited him and took it. He wrote a note to Mr. Leslie's

housekeeper, Mrs. Adams, with whom he was something of a favorite, requesting her to deliver his trunk and other things to the expressman who presented it.

"This unexpected request will doubtless take you by surprise, but a difficulty has arisen between Mr. Leslie and myself which compels me to leave the house at once. As it is purely a private matter between us I cannot make any explanation. Some day you may learn. Until then I trust I shall continue to hold the good opinion you have always had of me.

"Yours sincerely, Bob."

Telling the expressman where to deliver his property, Bob took a train for Wall Street. He did not go near Mr. Leslie's office, but went to the little bank on Nassau street which he had frequented as a messenger and where he had made many stock deals on the quiet. He had been generally successful, and when he was promoted to the counting-room he was worth about \$3,000, of which his employer was ignorant. While in the counting-room he one day got a gilt-edge tip from a stenographer in the next office with whom he was on friendly terms. He invested his money on the strength of it and cleared \$5,000.

He presented the stenographer with \$500, and the rest of the money, \$7,500, he had stowed away in a safe-deposit box. It was strange to find himself back at the little bank, rubbing elbows with small speculators, idle messenger boys and people with no visible means of support. He might consider himself now as one of the latter, only his capital made him feel independent. While he sat in the big, smoky waiting-room, watching the blackboard, the thought suddenly occurred to him that it would not be a bad idea for him to start out as a broker for himself. He was bound to meet scores of brokers and other Wall Street people he knew, and they would wonder why he was out of Mr. Leslie's office and question him on the subject.

The most plausible excuse he could offer, and which would be likely of acceptance, was that he had gone in business on his own hook. They might question his judgment, but it was really none of their business. Jumping at the idea, Bob left the little bank and started to look for a small office, one that he could afford to pay rent for while he was trying to get a start. He found a vacant room in one of the older Wall Street buildings in the same block as the Sub-Treasury, and he took it. He started out to buy furniture and other things he required, including a good second-hand safe.

He left an order for the installation of a ticker, and then went to lunch. All the furniture and furnishings were delivered that afternoon. A painter came and put the sign, "Robert King, Stocks and Bonds," on the door. He bought several Wall Street papers, the daily market report and an evening paper and sat at his desk to put in his time till he felt ready to go uptown. He opened the evening paper first, and looked for the story of the shooting, wondering if the police had secured further particulars, for he was sure the detective would make the most use of the meager facts he had got hold of.

The story was in the paper and almost the first thing he saw was the police had discovered the identity of the visitors at the Drew house at the time of the shooting. The paper stated that one was Herbert Leslie, nephew of George Leslie, the Wall Street broker, and the other was Henry Higgings, his private tutor. Neither, it was reported, had returned home after the mysterious affair at the house on Woodbine Terrace, which circumstance made the police all the more anxious to get hold of them. Bob was rather startled to read that the police were also looking for him.

The police had investigated Caleb Drew and discovered that he was a money-lender and dealt exclusively with a high grade of clients to whom secrecy was of paramount importance. The police now believed that the visit of young Leslie and his tutor had some reference to the floating or the payment of a loan. Bob took very little interest in reading the Wall Street news. His mind wandered to the shooting-case, so finally he put on his hat and left the office, intending to go to the station-house from which the police had been sent to Woodbine Terrace and report himself.

CHAPTER VII.—The Mystery Is Dissolved.

After getting out at the nearest station to his lodgings, Bob went to a restaurant and had his dinner. Then he inquired his way to the station-house. Walking up to the desk, he said:

"I understand that the police are anxious to see me," he said.

The officer at the desk looked at him pretty hard.

"Who are you, young man?" he asked, wondering if he had a mild lunatic to deal with.

"My name is Robert King. I am the party who was passing the Drew house in Woodbine Terrace last night when Miss Drew called on me to go for a doctor for her grandfather, who had been shot a few moments before."

"Just walk into the captain's room. You'll find him there," said the officer.

Bob did so and introduced himself in pretty much the same way he had at the desk. The captain looked him over, comprehensively.

"So you're the young man who lived in the same house with young Leslie and Henry Higgings, who have disappeared, though very much wanted in the Drew case?"

"I am."

"Well, we would like to know why you so suddenly left your home, bag and baggage, this morning, and also why you have not reported at your office in Wall Street?"

"I am not making you any explanation, as it is a private matter between Mr. Leslie and myself. You must see him about it. I merely called to inform you that I have no intention of keeping under cover, having nothing to conceal concerning what little I know about the shooting case. My new address is," here Bob wrote it down on a pad, "where you can find me evenings until further notice. I have left Mr. Leslie's employ and opened an office for myself at," here Bob added his Wall Street address. "I think that ought to satisfy you that there is nothing suspicious about

me. It will be a simple matter for you to investigate both of these addresses. I expect to find my trunk at my new lodgings when I go there. My name is on the door in Wall Street. If there is anything else you want to know about me I will try to answer you."

Bob's manner was perfectly honest and straightforward and the captain was inclined to believe him.

"Well, I will send an officer to see that you have actually gone to live at this address, and that will satisfy me that we can find you when you are wanted. You have shown good sense in calling here after what you saw in the newspaper, for otherwise you would surely have been arrested, though I don't say that you would have been detained as a prisoner. That is all for the present."

The captain called a policeman and sent him with Bob to verify his new address. He returned and reported to the captain that the boy had told the truth. Bob went to bed early that night and slept like a top till morning. He was at his office at nine o'clock and spent an hour or more reading his Wall Street papers, the previous day's market report, and a mining newspaper. As his ticker had not yet been put in, he put on his hat and went up to the little bank, where he stayed till he felt hungry, when he went to lunch. On his way there somebody grabbed him by the arm.

"Hello, King!" said a broker he knew well. "What is this shooting affair you are mixed up in—I mean as a witness? Your name was in the papers as large as life. The paper yesterday afternoon said you had suddenly vanished, and that the police were looking for you. What about it?"

"You know about as much as I do, Mr. Spencer, if you've read all the papers have said on the case. I was passing the house when the old man was wounded, heard the girl, his granddaughter, give the alarm from the window, went for a doctor and remained at the house for a couple of hours. That's every bit I know about the matter, except that I saw a boy and a man, who resembled Herbert Leslie and his tutor, leave the house in a hurry," said Bob.

"Leslie is in a great stew about his nephew's connection with the matter. It is singular what he and his tutor had to do with it, but if you saw them leave the house, as the police understand they did, of course they are mixed up in it. The fact that they have not turned up at the house looks bad for them," said the broker.

"Mr. Drew declares that Herbert Leslie had no hand in the shooting—that it was caused by the man, who was Mr. Higgings, grabbing the revolver."

"How came Drew to have the revolver in his hand? The police say that he took it up either to take his own life or defend it. The disappearance of this Higgings and young Leslie, who was a witness, if he was nothing else, makes me think that the man shot Drew for some reason. If it was an accident, why need either run away?"

"They acted foolishly, in my opinion. Probably they'll return when they think it over."

"The whole thing appears to be a mystery. By the way, you weren't in the board-room yesterday, nor this morning."

"No. You won't see me there again in a hurry."

"How is that?"

"I've quit Mr. Leslie and opened an office."

"The dickens you have!"

"Yes. Room 515 in the Burnside Building."

"Leslie said nothing about it."

"I guess his nephew is occupying his thoughts at present."

"I guess so. Well, be good to yourself. I wish you luck," and Spencer went off.

Bob met several other traders that day and had similar talks with them. He got his cards, letter-headings and other printing that day which he had ordered through a Broad street stationer, and he inserted an advertisement in two or three Wall Street papers. His ticker also was put in, and when he went uptown he was all ready to transact any business that came his way. Next morning he noticed that D. & L. was going up, and he bought 500 shares of it on margin, at 90.

He spent his time reading the financial papers and watching the stock. The afternoon papers had something more about the shooting case. The money-lender was getting better and Bob was surprised to read that he had changed front. He had made a statement to the police which cleared up all the mystery heretofore enveloping the case. He said that he had loaned young Leslie a sum of money on his note, bearing what he understood was George Leslie's indorsement. He discovered that the indorsement was a forgery, and he set about learning who the forger was.

When young Leslie called to pay the note, on his demand, he was accompanied by a stranger, whom he had already met, but was not introduced to, at the Leslie house, where he had gone to tell the boy that the indorsement was forged and to demand the return of his money. For reasons of his own, he suspected this man to be the forger, and trapped him into an admission. He intended to have the man arrested, and was in the act of telephoning the police when the man sprang on him.

He picked up his revolver to keep him off. The man was too quick, and turning the weapon on him, shot him. Bob was much astonished at this revelation, which had been brought about by the investigations of the police revealing the money-lender's business, which it had been his object to conceal. This new phase of the case caused the police to redouble their efforts to capture Higgings and Herbert Leslie, the boy being now regarded as an important witness against his tutor. Bob began to have curious suspicions.

If this Mr. Higgings was capable of forging Mr. Leslie's name on the back of Herbert's note, had he any connection with the forged check and I O U? If he had, why? There was no reason that Bob could see why he should have tried to ruin him in his late employer's estimation. The young broker was now interested in the capture of Higgings. Mr. George Leslie was much cut up over his nephew's connection with the singular case, and his feelings towards Bob had been agitated by sundry doubts, for he could not but feel that Bob's whole career since he came under his observation had been opposed to such conduct as he had, in his first rage, accused him of.

Then the strong feeling he had borne the day reasserted itself, and he began to think he had

been too hasty in his judgment. He, too, read the money lender's statement in the paper that afternoon. He was dumfounded to learn that his nephew had gone to such a person to raise money. He could not see why the boy should have found it necessary to do such a thing. Drew's allegation that Higgings had been trapped into an admission that he had forged Broker Leslie's name to the note as the indorser thereof astonished him. He began to wonder what kind of a man was this instructor who had shown him such excellent letters of reference. He also began to entertain curious suspicions. The result of it all was that the broker called at No. — Woodbine Terrace that evening, stated who he was, and asked if he could see Caleb Drew. He was brought to the money-lender's bedside.

"Mr. Drew, is it a fact that my nephew, Herbert Leslie, borrowed money of you on his note-of-hand, presumed by me?" said the broker.

"It is a fact," replied the money-lender.

"How much money did he borrow?"

"Six hundred and fifty dollars, for which he gave me his note for \$750, at three months."

Mr. Leslie was amazed at the amount.

"I cannot understand why he should require so large a sum," he said.

"I can. He was in bad company."

"Bad company!"

"This man Higgings, who appears to be his tutor. He is a rascal. I read that in his face as plain as print. A man who is capable of deliberate forgery is hardly the kind of person to be trusted as tutor to a boy."

"What led you to suspect that my name as indorser on the note was forged?"

"Common sense. I did not believe you would sign such a paper."

"You are right. I wouldn't do such a thing."

"As soon as I suspected this Higgings of the crime I made up my mind to trap him if I could," went on Drew.

He then explained how he had done it to his satisfaction, and how this had led to the shooting. He further explained his reason for keeping the facts of the case dark at first, hoping to keep the nature of his occupation from appearing in the papers.

"I might have known that the police would ferret it out. As soon as my business was exposed I decided to make a clean breast of everything and encourage the police to capture the rascal. It will, of course, then be up to you to prosecute him, for it is your signature that is involved."

"Have you my nephew's note still in your possession?"

"It is in my safe."

"Would you know my signature if you saw it from your recollection of the indorsement on the note?"

"I would."

"Look at the signature on that check," said Mr. Leslie, showing the forged one made out to Bob's order.

"It is a fac-simile."

"A man who could imitate my signature so well could do the same with most any kind of one, don't you think?"

"If he had a good copy to practice on."

"That is all, Mr. Drew, and I'm very much obliged to you for your frankness. You may have helped to right a great wrong."

"In what way?"

"I cannot explain now. In fact, I would not care to discuss it. I fear that this Higgings is a greater scoundrel than even you suspected. One thing more I will ask of you."

"Name it."

"Don't let that note get out of your possession. I shall want it as soon as you are able to open your safe. I will give you my check for its face."

"You need only pay me what I advanced to your nephew—\$650."

"Very well. Here is my business card. You can drop me word when you are ready to give up the note."

"I will do so."

The broker then bade Drew good-night and took his leave.

CHAPTER VIII.—The Reconciliation.

Mr. Leslie went home convinced that Bob was innocent of the grave charges of gambling and forgery, and blaming himself for not giving the boy a fair show to disprove them.

"I called the boy a viper, and accused him of ingratitude, and now I see the real viper was that rascally tutor, who pulled the wool over my eyes very nicely. I wish I knew where Bob moved to. I'd call on him at once and take back all I said in my anger. Maybe the police could tell me where he is living. I'll go around to the station-house and inquire," said the broker to himself.

But Mr. Leslie did not call on the police that evening. He met a friend who insisted on him going to his house to see some valuable curios he had lately purchased, and after that he went directly home, resolved to call at the station-house in the morning. After breakfast he followed out his intention and went to the station-house. There he introduced himself to the captain and asked for the boy's address. He got it and called at once at the house. It was then after nine o'clock, and he learned that Bob had left the house about eight.

"What time does he return to his room?" the broker asked the landlady.

"He has only been about a day with me, so I can hardly answer your question," she replied. "Last evening he came in between six and seven and did not go out."

"Will you tell him that Mr. Leslie called and left word that he particularly desires to see him at his house this evening?"

"I will do so," said the woman.

The broker then took an elevated train downtown to his business. Bob got to his office about nine, and took up his Wall Street papers to occupy his attention until the Stock Exchange opened for business. D. & L. went up a little at a time that morning, and when Bob went to lunch it had advanced one full point. Mr. Leslie met Broker Spencer at the Exchange and the latter spoke about his meeting with Bob, and how the boy had told him he had opened an office for himself.

"But, of course, you know all about that," said Spencer.

Leslie made no reply. He saw that the boy had said nothing about having had trouble with him, and as he expected to patch that trouble up right away, he wouldn't drop the least hint that there existed strained relations between himself and Bob. He would like to have asked Spencer where Bob's office was, but he felt that wouldn't do at all. It didn't greatly matter, however, as he had the boy's uptown address. When Bob got to his lodgings the landlady appeared and told him that a gentleman named Leslie had called to see him that morning.

"He told me to tell you to call at his house this evening, as he wanted to see you very much indeed," she said.

"All right, ma'am," said Bob.

He felt that he couldn't refuse to make the call, as it seemed to indicate that his break with his patron had taken a favorable turn, so he presented himself there about eight o'clock, and was admitted by Della, who was delighted to see him again.

"Is Mr. Leslie in his library?" he inquired.

"Yes, Mister Bob."

"Then I will go in there," he said.

He knocked at the library door.

"Come in!" said the voice of the broker.

Bob opened the door and entered. Mr. Leslie jumped up and came forward with outstretched hand.

"My dear boy," he said, "I hope you will overlook my hasty words the other evening and let us resume our former amicable relations," grasping Bob's hand.

"You admit, then, that you misjudged me?"

"I feel that I have. Things have transpired which lead me to believe that another person, one whom I would not have suspected is guilty of what I accused you of and that you are his victim."

"I am glad you see your way clear to reinstate me in your good opinion," said Bob. "I have never gambled in any shape or form, for my taste does not run in that direction; and as for forging your name to any kind of a document, much less a check to rob you, was the last thing I ever would have thought of. You have been a good friend to me, and it is not my nature to show such rank ingratitude."

"I was much upset by the double occurrence—receiving the check at the office and then finding the I O U in my library here after dinner. I did not mean to be unfair toward you. I did not know what to think about the check, but when the I O U came into my hands, the similarity of the two amounts caused one to fit in with the other. You are the only one who had the run of the library, and I thought you lost the I O U here. The scoundrel who forged the check and your indorsement; I take it afterward, evidently made up the I O U, forged your signature to it and placed it where I found it."

"You know, or at least have a suspicion, who that person is?"

"I am satisfied it was Henry Higgings."

"What led you to such a conclusion?"

"What I discovered when I called last evening on Caleb Drew to learn if the presence of my nephew in his house on the night of the shooting

indicated that he had come to borrow some money of him."

The broker then told Bob all that had transpired at the interview in question. Bob was surprised to learn that Herbert had borrowed so much money from the money-lender, and wondered what he wanted it for. However, it was none of his business and he had other things to engage his attention at that moment. As the conversation proceeded, Mr. Leslie told Bob that he wanted him to return to the house at once, and also to his office. Bob shook his head.

"I think matters had better remain as they are. You have done enough for me. I have started out to make my way on my own hook, with the experience I have gained at your office. You may think I am adopting a foolish course, but I hope to prove to the contrary."

"You certainly are acting foolishly. I have pushed you ahead at my office as fast as I could, as I intended in time to offer you a junior partnership. It was with that end in view I made you my representative, to some extent, in the board-room. I wanted you to learn the ins and outs of the Exchange. By persisting in your present course you will lose such an opportunity—invaluable to you."

"I admit that, sir."

"Spencer told me you had opened an office on Wall Street. I cannot understand how you expect to get on without capital."

"I have a small capital."

"It must be very small, indeed."

"It is between seven and eight thousand dollars."

"As much as that?" said the broker, in some surprise. "I had no idea you were worth so much."

"I confess that I made the most of it out of the market at various times," and Bob told Mr. Leslie how he had speculated while his messenger, and how he had added \$1,500 to the total through his lucky tip.

"Well, I wouldn't have approved of such business had I known it at the time. It is the only thing not strictly regular in your conduct. But we won't talk about it, for it is among the things of the past. What interests me now is to get you back at the office, even if you won't return to the house."

Bob, however, had determined on his line of action, and the broker couldn't talk him out of it.

"I'm determined to make a trial of it, at any rate, Mr. Leslie. If things don't go right I'll have another talk with you."

"Well, if that is your final answer I must accept it. I can promise you that it will not affect our pleasant relations. I wish you'd return here, though. You know I am on the eve of going to Europe, and I should like to have some responsible person in the house. My nephew has fallen so much in my estimation that I have no confidence in him any longer. I intended sending him to college, but I fear he will never be able to pass the examination. I am through with private tutors. Herbert will have to go back to his academy for a special course to fit him for college. If he ever gets through a university I'll back him for whatever profession he has the talent for."

There my responsibility will end. He must make his own way in the world without any special help from me, either before or after my death."

Bob said he would consider the matter of returning to the house. He thought he might do it just before Mr. Leslie was ready to sail.

"That will be satisfactory," said the broker. "When I get back we will take up the question of your return to my office. While I'm away you ought to discover whether your new line of action is likely to pan out or not. If it does, you will, of course, continue for yourself; if it doesn't, I will take you back."

That ended the interview and Bob left. On the following evening he ventured to call on Claire Coleman, and received a warm welcome from her. He was introduced to Caleb Drew, who was still in bed, getting on as well as could be expected, and the old man thanked him for his services on the night of the shooting.

"I'm glad you have called on Claire," he said. "She has no visitors, and I guess she yearns for friends of her own age. You will be welcome here at any time."

"Thank you, Mr. Drew," replied Bob.

"You know my business. I had not intended it to become generally known, chiefly for Claire's sake, but there is no keeping anything from the police. I trust you will not let it prejudice you against my granddaughter. She is a good girl, and has never had any part in my business affairs."

"Don't worry about that, Mr. Drew. It will not have any effect on my opinion of Miss Coleman. I shall be glad to be accepted by her as a friend," said Bob.

Claire cast a pleased look at the young broker.

"My granddaughter has told me that you are connected with Wall Street."

"That is quite true. I was in the employ of George Leslie for about seven years, starting as messenger and office boy, succeeding to the counting-room, and four months ago I became his representative on the floor of the Exchange. We had a misunderstanding on the night you were shot, and it led to strained feelings between us, but I am happy to say we have resumed our former cordial relations. While away from his office I decided to make a start as a broker on my own hook, and having done so I shall not go back to him unless my venture should fail. I left his house the night of the trouble, but as Mr. Leslie is going to Europe and earnestly wishes me to return there I shall shortly do so."

"I am delighted to hear that you and Mr. Leslie have become reconciled," said Claire. "I felt awfully sorry for you."

"Yes, everything is all right between us again," said Bob.

He and Claire then went into the other room and enjoyed a tete-a-tete until the foreign gilt clock chimed the half after ten, when the boy took his leave, promising to call on the following week. As the days passed, nothing was heard from Herbert Leslie and his tutor. They had \$800 and the maid's bank-book with its signed order for \$200 more. Delia was in great distress over her book, thinking she stood to lose all her savings. She reported the matter to Mr. Leslie, and he was very angry to learn that his nephew had the book

and her signed order. He told her that she had been very foolish to sign such an order and let the boy have it together with her book. He promised to make up to her anything she lost so as to relieve her mind, and the next day he sent a note to the savings bank, explaining the situation and asking that payment on the book be stopped. He received back word that no order had yet been presented to be cashed, and that none would be cashed until the matter had been adjusted. At the end of a week Bob closed out his D. & L. deal at a profit of about \$3,000, which expanded his working capital to \$10,000.

CHAPTER IX.—Rivals for a Stock.

Although Bob got no business, he had quite a number of visitors. Brokers he was acquainted with dropped in to see him, for he had made himself popular during the short time he was at the Exchange.

"Are you doing anything yet?" asked one broker named Ward.

"Nothing to amount to anything. All I've made in the last ten days is \$3,000," replied Bob.

"Three thousand! I think that's doing pretty well. I've seen many a week when I haven't made \$3,000."

"Well, I made that out of a market deal."

"Oh, I see! Doing much that way?"

"That one deal was all I've been interested in since I opened up."

"Why don't you buy some Texas Central? They say it's going up soon."

"Who says so?"

"I couldn't state just who, but I heard so on pretty good authority."

"I'll look it up."

"Oh, here comes Weazel," said Ward, as a smooth-faced broker came in.

He had a hatchet-face and was rather weazely by nature as well as by name.

"I heard you were out for yourself, so I thought I'd drop in and see you, King," said Weazel, with one of his sly smiles.

"That's right. Make yourself at home. Have a cigar?" and Bob offered a box which he kept on tap for visitors.

Weazel took one after looking at the band, lit it and began to smoke, all the while studying the boy's face.

"Busy?" he asked laconically.

"Not very," said Bob.

"Angling, I suppose, but the fish aren't biting, eh?"

"We're all angling, more or less, in Wall Street. What are you fishing for at present—gudgeons?"

Ward burst out into a laugh, for it was no secret in the Street that Weazel was always on the lookout for an easy mark, and Weazel looked annoyed. He made no reply to the question, and Bob changed the subject. In a few minutes Ward went away.

"Doing anything in mining shares?" asked Weazel abruptly.

"No," answered Bob.

"Like to go in with me on a deal?"

"In what?"

"I'm not saying in what until you promise to go in."

"I don't care to promise to go it blind. I want to know what it is beforehand."

"I've got a tip on a certain stock and I don't want to let it get out. If you say you'll take a hand I'll tell you what it is."

"I'd rather not."

Weazel looked disappointed.

"Would you care to buy a block of Yellow Cat mining? It's going at ten. I want to raise some money to back my tip. I'll let you have the 20,000 shares for eight and a half cents."

"Nothing in Yellow Cat."

"There's a cent and a half in my offer. That's as good as \$300."

"Why don't you offer it on the Curb at nine?"

"I suppose I'll have to if you won't take it."

It was clear that Weazel was trying to unload something on Bob, but the young broker wouldn't bite. In the end, Weazel left without having accomplished his object. Next day a broker named Brownlow called on Bob and asked him if he had any D. & C. shares.

"Not a share, Mr. Brownlow," replied Bob.

"Know where I can get any?"

"At the Exchange, I should imagine."

"I'd rather buy on the outside. If you hear of any let me know."

Shortly afterward a broker named Sharkey came in and asked Bob if he had any D. & C. shares.

"No, sir. Are they scarce?"

"They seem to be. I haven't been able to find any since I started out."

"What will you give for the stock?"

"Eighty-five."

Bob looked up the previous day's market report, but D. & C. hadn't been dealt in. Then he took up the tape.

"You won't find it on the tape," said Sharkey.

"Mr. Brownlow was in here looking for some of it," said Bob.

"When?" asked Sharkey, with some interest.

"A few minutes ago."

"How much did he want?"

"He didn't say."

"Well, if you hear of any, let me know," getting up and walking out.

Half an hour later Bob's 'phone rang.

"Hello!" he said.

"That you, Robert King?" asked a girl's voice that sounded like Claire's.

"Yes."

"This is Claire Coleman."

"Glad to hear from you, Miss Coleman. I thought I recognized your voice."

"I'm coming down to see you—on business."

"On business?" laughed Bob.

"For my grandfather."

"I shall be delighted to see you."

"Will you be in at half-past one?"

"I'll make it a point to be in any time you say."

"Thank you. Then look for me at half-past one."

"I will. How is your grandfather to-day?"

"Much better. He is sitting up a while. I have been helping him transact certain things that have run behind since he was shot."

"Making yourself useful, eh?"

"Yes. I am the only person he feels he can trust."

"He is fortunate in having you to call on."

"Do you think so?" she laughed.

"I do. I wish the honor were mine."

"Of what use could I be to you?" she asked, after a momentary pause.

"I wouldn't like to tell you over the wire."

There was a longer pause and then Claire said her grandfather had just called her.

"I'll be at your office at half-past one, or about that," she concluded.

Bob went to his lunch at one, and was back at twenty minutes after. At twenty minutes of two Claire walked in with a bag in her hand. She looked unusually charming in a pretty street gown and hat to match.

"This is an honor I appreciate," said Bob, handing her a chair.

The young lady blushed.

"I have bought you 150 shares of D. & C. stock to sell for my grandfather."

"What stock?"

"D. & C."

"I guess I can sell it without any trouble."

"My grandfather says you are to ask a point above the market."

"All right. I'll get all I can for it. It was not quoted yesterday nor so far to-day. I'll look up Monday's report."

He did so and found that 500 shares had been sold for 84.

"I will ask 85 for it. There were two brokers in here this morning looking for it. I'll see if I can reach them over the 'phone."

He called up Sharkey and got him.

"Have you got all the D. & C. you want?"

"No. Have you found any?"

"A customer has just brought in 150 shares."

"I'll take them."

"Hold on. What will you give?"

"Eighty-six."

Bob was about to take him up when it struck him that as the price had gone up he might do better.

"I think Mr. Brownlow will give more than that," he said.

"Don't sell it to him. I'll go 86 1-2."

"Wait till I hear what Mr. Brownlow says."

"Is he at your office? I'll be right up."

He rang off and then Bob rang up Brownlow and got him.

"I've got 150 shares of D. & C. Do you——"

"I'll take it," said Brownlow.

"What do you offer?"

"Eighty-six."

"Mr. Sharkey has just made me a higher offer for it."

"Don't sell it to him. Hold on to it till I come," and Brownlow rang off.

"I've got two men who want it bad," said Bob, turning to Miss Coleman. "One has offered 86 1-2, and I guess the other will go higher. They're both coming here, so I'll let them bid for it."

"Then I guess I'll go," said Claire, rising.

"I'm sorry you can't stay longer. Tell Mr. Drew that I'll bring the money up to his house, probably to-morrow evening."

Claire went away and presently Sharkey rushed in.

He looked around, expecting to see Brownlow.

"You haven't sold Brownlow that stock, have you?" he said anxiously.

"Not yet."

"Then you mustn't do it."

"I won't if you make the best offer for it."

"What did he offer you?"

"He hasn't made any yet. He sent me word to hold it till he came."

At that moment the door opened and Mr. Leslie's messenger came in with a note.

"Hello, Tom!" said Bob.

"I've brought you a note from Mr. Leslie," said the boy.

"Any answer?"

"Yes."

"Sit down, then."

As Bob was reading the note, Brownlow blew in like a small hurricane. Both he and Sharkey were elderly men, and it was astonishing how lively they could be on occasions.

"What are you doing here, Sharkey?" glared Brownlow.

"That's my business, Brownlow," snorted Sharkey, his chin-whiskers bristling out.

"You're trying to get that D. & C. stock," growled Brownlow.

"So are you," said Sharkey, with a duplicate growl, "but you won't."

"I'll bet I will!" said Brownlow aggressively.

"I'll bet you won't!" roared Sharkey, just as aggressive.

"You're always butting into my business," said Brownlow.

"You're always butting into mine," retorted Sharkey.

"What's that?" scowled Brownlow.

"You heard what I said," scowled Sharkey.

"Gentlemen, don't get to scrapping, please," said Bob, beginning his reply to his late employer.

"I'll give you 87 for those shares," said Brownlow.

"An eighth," said Sharkey.

"A quarter," said Brownlow.

"Three-quarters," said Sharkey.

"Eighty-eight," said Brownlow.

"Eighty-nine," said Sharkey.

As Brownlow opened his mouth and said 90, Sharkey, intending to head him off, did the same.

"What's the matter with you?" roared Brownlow. "I bid 90 for the stock."

"No, you didn't. I bid it," retorted Sharkey.

The excited men suddenly sprang at each other, like a pair of wildcats.

"Gentlemen," protested Bob, "cut it out!"

But they didn't hear him.

"Biff!" off went Brownlow's derby.

"Smash!" Sharkey's hat sailed into the air.

Then the angry men clinched.

"Grab one of them, Tom," said Bob, jumping forward and seizing Sharkey.

After some trouble the two brokers were separated, without having struck a real blow.

"The stock is mine. I bid 90," said Brownlow.

"It's mine, I bid 90," said Sharkey.

"Which of you will say an eighth?" asked Bob. He expected both would, but neither did.

Ninety was apparently their limit and matters were at a deadlock.

"If neither of you will go higher you'll have to toss for it," said Bob, "or I'll toss for you."

He produced a penny.

"Now then, gentlemen, here it goes!" and Bob made the toss.

Both shouted heads. Fortunately, it came down tails or it is probable another scrap would have taken place.

"That won't do," said Bob. "Here, Mr. Brownlow, you toss and let Mr. Sharkey do the shouting."

"No. Let me toss," said Sharkey.

Brownlow insisted on tossing, and another deadlock took place.

"We'll have to try something else," said Bob.

He tore a slip off a pad and divided it. On one he wrote D. & C., at 90, while he left the other blank. He folded both up carefully, dropped them in his hat, stirred them up and asked the gentlemen to draw.

"The written slip takes the shares," he said.

Sharkey drew it. Brownlow was as mad as a hornet. Without a word he rushed out of the office.

"He! he! he! That's where I got the best of him," chuckled Sharkey.

"Hand me your memorandum for 150 D. & C., at 90," said Bob. "I'll deliver the stock on receipt of your certified check for \$13,500."

Sharkey exchanged memos with Bob and went out.

"Here's your answer, Tom," said Bob, handing it to the waiting messenger, who had enjoyed the scene hugely.

He took it and left, too. Then Bob turned to glance over the tape. The first quotation that met his eye was 1,000 D. & C., 85. Then the young broker chuckled.

CHAPTER X.—Bob Gets Into the Exchange.

Next morning Bob met Brownlow on the street. His bad humor had evaporated.

"Sharkey thought he got the best of me," he said, rubbing his hands in a pleased way, "but he didn't. I bought all the D. & C. I wanted at 85, ten minutes after I left your office. Somebody let a bunch out and I loaded up."

"I noticed after Mr. Sharkey went away that a batch of it had been sold," said Bob. "You saved \$5 a share by picking out the wrong paper from my hat."

"Sharkey is out \$750.55 and Brownlow chuckled.

"Oh, well, that won't break him."

"No, but I'll bet he's mad over it, for he knows I have the laugh on him."

Brownlow walked off, still chuckling. That morning Bob heard that a syndicate had been formed to corner and boom P. & Q. shares, and satisfying himself that the report was correct he bought 700 shares through Broker Spencer, at 85.

"You'd better buy some, too, Mr. Spencer," said Bob.

"Think it's a good thing, eh?"

"If I didn't I wouldn't get in on it."

He went around to call on Mr. Leslie. That gentleman was busy when he reached his office, so he entered the counting-room. This was the first time he had been in the office since he severed his connection with it so abruptly, and the clerks, who at first couldn't understand his reason for doing so, were very glad to see him again. They knew he had started out for himself, for Mr. Leslie had told his cashier, and that individual had passed the news along the line.

"Hello, King!" was the salutation he received, in chorus. "You're a regular broker now."

"Yes, I'm out on my own hook."

"How are you making out?" asked the cashier.

"First-rate. I'm glad to see that you're suffering from your usual good health."

He passed on to the stenographer's den to buzz the young lady for a minute or two. He was a favorite of hers and she was delighted to see him once more. As soon as Mr. Leslie was disengaged, Bob went into the private office.

"I got hold of a good tip on P. & Q. and I thought I'd let you in on it," he said to the broker.

"I don't fancy tips much, Bob. They're not to be depended on," said Leslie.

"This one is all right. I'll tell you about it and you can get in on it or not, as you choose."

When he had told what he knew about the syndicate, the broker admitted that it looked pretty good.

"Things are likely to work out as you say, provided the syndicate doesn't run against a snag at a critical moment and go to pieces. It takes a raft of money to swing a big deal like that, and the bears are always watching for these booms to stick a pin into them," said Leslie. "I suppose you are in on it?"

"Seven thousand dollars' worth."

"You are foolish to put up all your money."

"I haven't. Got \$2,000 left, that I made the other day off D. & L."

"I see you are devoting your attention to the market instead of looking for customers."

"It's so hard to get customers on the start that I might better be doing that than sitting around my office doing nothing."

"But you are running the chances of getting wiped out."

"Then I'll come back to you."

"But I won't be here after next week. However, I'll fix things so that if matters go wrong with you you can come here. I haven't heard anything from Herbert yet. The police have failed to learn where he and Higgings have gone. I imagine they went out West. Herbert will not go to college next term, and it is now a question whether he ever will go. He is sacrificing the chances of his life. He is a foolish boy," said the broker.

"If you are in Europe and Higgings should be caught you won't be able to prosecute him unless you make some arrangements with the district attorney."

"I shall make such arrangements. You will take my place as chief prosecutor. We both are convinced that he forged your signature to the I O U and also as indorser on the check. You will hear from the district attorney if the rascal

should be caught. As for my nephew—he won't be received back at the house after I have gone. I shall make him a small allowance, enough for him to live on, and he will have to look out for himself. It will depend on how he conducts himself as to whether I shall do anything more for him or not," said Mr. Leslie.

The broker turned to his desk and Bob went away without knowing whether Mr. Leslie intended using his tip or not. Sharkey sent his certified check for the 150 shares of D. & C. and Bob handed over the certificates. He collected the money and that evening took it up to Mr. Drew. He explained to the money-lender how it happened that he got such a high price for the stock, and the old man smiled at his recital. Claire laughed heartily when Bob described the scene between Brownlow and Sharkey at his office. He spent the evening mostly with Claire, and they got on very nicely together, for both were smitten with each other. During the rest of the week P. & Q. advanced three points, and the young broker regarded his prospects for making a good haul as first-class.

About the middle of the following week P. & Q., which had reached 91, began to boom, and by Friday night had reached 100. Bob thought that was as far as he'd risk the deal, so next morning, after P. & Q. had opened at 100 1-4, he called on Spencer and ordered his shares sold. The broker unloaded the 700 shares on three brokers, and Bob made a profit of about \$10,500, which gave his finances quite a boost. On Monday he moved his things back to the house and took possession of his old room again, to the great satisfaction of the servants, who were glad to have him as their master while Mr. Leslie was away. That gentleman had arranged to take a steamer on the following Saturday for Europe.

He was troubled with a complaint which baffled his physicians and others called in consultation, and so he was taking their advice to go to a certain German resort, noted for its medicinal baths. It was expected that the treatment he would receive would effect a complete cure and that he would return a well man. Mr. Leslie had arranged with a broker friend to look after his business, but at the last minute this gentleman found it impossible to accept the responsibility, as he had to take his wife South for her health.

Mr. Leslie found himself in something of a fix, and after thinking the matter over he called Bob into the library and asked him to come back to his office and take charge of the business in conjunction with the cashier. Bob didn't want to give up his own office, and after some talk he made a proposition to execute all of Mr. Leslie's orders for him at a stated salary instead of a commission. He said he would hire a boy to look after his own office, and would return to the Exchange as Mr. Leslie's representative, as before. This would give him the chance to execute any orders he got himself without dividing up commissions with another broker, and altogether would give him a better start than he otherwise could get.

Mr. Leslie agreed and arrangements were made to carry it out. The cashier was put in full charge of the office. Bob would call every morning and consult with him as to the day's business. Orders coming in during the day were to be sent

to Bob, either at his office or at the Exchange. Bob spent most of his time that week at Mr. Leslie's office, and on Saturday went with him to the steamer to see him off. He advertised for a boy, replies to be sent to the newspaper office, as he did not want to be overrun with applicants and have the corridor of the office building turned into a temporary bedlam to the annoyance of the other tenants. He got eighty letters the first day, which showed that a Wall Street position of any kind was regarded as a desirable situation. Among the replies was one from an East Side retail grocer. It ran as follows:

"R. K., Box 65, ——— Office:

"Dear Sir.—I have a relative from Germany, just over, who wants to get a position in a bank or broker's office. He was employed in a Frankfort money-broker's office as messenger. His name is Fritz Becker, and I can recommend him as a smart boy. Yours truly. John Schmitt."

Bob sent for several of the applicants, and among the rest wrote Mr. Schmitt to send his relative down. As the boys arrived Bob interviewed them. They were nearly all boys who had just graduated from the grammar school and had had no business experience. Bob didn't care for any of them, and was sending for a new lot when the German boy arrived. He was a blond, with a bright and rather aggressive look.

"Vell, how you vos?" he said, approaching Bob's desk. "I want to seen Mr. King. Off he is oud I waits till he come back."

"I am Mr. King. Are you the German boy that John Schmitt wrote about?"

"I ped you I am. You vos Mr. King! Den I bring der ledder you wrote mine uncle."

"Mr. Schmitt is your uncle, eh?"

"Yaw."

"You came from Frankfort lately, I believe?"

"I did."

"And your name is Fritz Becker?"

"I ped you it is."

"What experience have you had as a messenger on the other side?"

Fritz promptly explained that he had worked for two years with a money broker; told what his duties had been at the office, and produced a strong letter of recommendation from his late employer.

"You seem to be all right, Fritz, but you have no knowledge of Wall Street."

"Vell, I learn me a few dings apoud it already yet."

"What have you learned?"

"I can told you vere all the banks vos, und der Treasury Building, und der Stock Exchanges, und der Curb Exchanges, und all der udder exchanges."

"Oh, you can?" said Bob, with some interest. "You have been walking around and studying the financial district, then?"

"I ped you I haf. Nopudy would gif me a shob off I don't know somedings apoud der streets und places off Vall Street. I could be vorth noddings off I couldn't took a message to der right places. So I make mineseluf ocquainted mit as much as possible, und I learn der rest purty quick, I ped you."

Bob started in and examined the German boy and was surprised at his accurate knowledge of Wall Street. He knew the location of every important skyscraper, all the banks, exchanges and divers other matters. He had evidently been putting in his time to good advantage, as he intended to work in Wall Street and nowhere else. Bob was favorably impressed by him, and decided to give him a trial.

"I'll give you \$1 a week to start, and if you make good you'll get more."

"Den I ped you I get more, for off I don'd make good I shump me off der Pattery. Dere ain't some flies on me, you found out right away soon."

So Fritz was engaged and told to report at nine, Monday morning.

CHAPTER XI.—Bob Adds Largely to His Money.

Bob's reappearance at the Exchange was hailed by acclamation by the brokers who were particularly friendly toard him. It was understood that he was there to execute orders for Mr. Leslie. He could not do any business in his own name, for he was not a member. He intended to put his own business through in Mr. Leslie's name by arrangement with the cashier. As it was coming on summer, business was beginning to fall off, but still there was a lot doing. Fritz Becker soon discovered that he had a sinecure, for the hardest work he had to do at first was to hold down the office chair and look out of the window.

The window faced on the court, and when he looked out of it he looked across at other offices in the same building where many girls were at work. One of these offices was used by a public stenographer who hired a dozen girls. These girls were all kept very busy, but not so busy but they soon observed the good-looking German boy across the way. As Fritz was not insensible to female charms, and as he had nothing to do most of the time but survey the field of beauty before him, it wasn't long before he was exchanging smiles and nods with the young ladies nearest the two windows, as well as those who sat further back, but made an excuse to go to the open windows for air. So Fritz enjoyed the first days of his snap exceedingly well.

"It don'd took much to make good in dis places," he mused. "Ty shinger! Id is just like I found der four dollars. Id vost almost a shames to took id. Dere don'd been more as six callers in dree days. I dink I vill got tired doing nottings after a vwhile, but so long as I got me dose four dollars I could pe a fools to kick, ain'd it?"

At that moment the door opened and Broker Weazel came in. He looked around and saw Fritz coming toward him. He looked at the boy curiously.

"Vell, vot can I done for you?" asked Fritz.

"Are you King's office boy?"

"I ped you I am. Vot you vants?"

"Mr. King is out, I guess."

"You don'd seen him, do you? Vell, he's oud. At der Stock Exchanges. You leave your names und pusiness und I told him when he comes in."

"My name is Weazel."

"Weazel," repeated Fritz, putting it down on a pad.

"Do you expect Mr. King in soon?"

"I couldn't told you, Mr. Weazel. Id would not surprize me off he comes in in five minutes, or off he didn't come in till after dree o'clock."

"Can I use your telephone?"

"Vot you wants to done mit id?"

"I wish to talk to a friend of mine."

"Vell, I led you use it."

Weazel went to Bob's desk, took up the telephone, called up somebody, found he was out, dropped a piece of paper on the floor and went away. Ten minutes afterward Bob came in.

"Anybody here, Fritz?"

"A shent who said his names vos Veasel vos here."

"Oh! What did he want?"

"He just wanted to seen you, dot's all. He asked me off he could use der telyphone, und I led him. Id peen all right, yaw?"

"Certainly," said Bob, going to his desk.

Then he saw the paper, picked it up and looked at it. This is what he read:

"Dear Weazel.—I've found out all about the syndicate. A. & B. is the stock. Get busy and load up. The price will go out of sight.

"Yours, Hacker"

"Weazel must have lost this," he thought. "I wonder if it's the real thing or a plant? If it were anybody else but Weazel who dropped this here I would be inclined to think he had lost it by accident, but Weazel—he's a foxy chap. I would not be surprised if he left it here on purpose. Asked to use the telephone as an excuse to come over to my desk. That would be like him. I've heard that he is laying for my scalp. Is anxious to add me to the other good things he's worked. I'll look around carefully and see if there's any truth about a syndicate having A. & B. in tow. It would be altogether too risky to accept this as a real tip off-hand."

Just then the door opened and a man walked in.

"Mr. King in?" he asked.

"Yes, sir. Take a seat," said Bob.

"You buy stock, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir—on customers' orders."

"I have some A. & B. I want to sell. If you—"

"I'll sell it for you on the usual commission."

"That would take time, wouldn't it?"

"That depends on how much of a demand there is for the stock."

"I'm going out of the city this evening and I'd like to take the cash with me."

"How much have you got of the stock?"

"Three hundred shares."

Bob looked up the price and made some figures on his pad.

"It's going at 65, so your stock is worth \$19,500."

"That's right."

"If you leave the stock and come back in an hour I might accommodate you."

"An hour. Very well. Give me a receipt for it."

Bob wrote an order for the sale of the stock, specifying it.

"Sign that, please," he said.

The man signed the paper, got his memorandum receipt and went away. Bob put on his hat and went out with the stock. When he got out of the elevator he saw Weazel talking to his customer. That struck him as a suspicious circumstance.

"I'm certain now that Weazel is trying to pull some game off on me. I wonder what it is?"

He slipped behind the two men and, shielded by a column, tried to hear what passed between them.

"So he wouldn't buy the stock?"

"He said he'd sell it for me and took my order to do so," said the man, whose name Bob had noted was Shipper.

"I'll get over to the Exchange and see if he offers it under Leslie's name. I don't think he will after finding the note I dropped in his office. He'll buy it himself and hold on to it."

"That will give us nearly \$20,000 of his money, but if he should sell it——"

"We'll get the money anyway, less \$75 commission, and we'll have to try something else."

The two men then walked away. Bob had learned what Weazel's game was, but he saw that the crafty broker had put up a job on him. Instead of going to the Exchange he called on Spencer and told him the facts of the case and asked him what he thought about it.

"It has been reported in the Street that A. & B. has lost its appeal to the Supreme Court at Washington, and the brokers are shy of buying the stock. You'll find some difficulty in selling even 300 shares. If the report is confirmed the stock will drop five or ten points at once."

"Will you offer it in 100-share lots? Weazel has gone to the Exchange to see if I offer it, and I don't care to have him learn that I'm trying to sell it."

"I'll do it," said Spencer.

He took the certificates and handed Bob his memorandum. Then he went over to the Exchange and succeeded in selling the stock to three different traders. As soon as he reported to Bob, the young broker returned to his office. When Shipper came in he told him he had sold his stock and would, as a favor, advance him the money so he could take it with him on his trip. When his customer left Bob followed him and saw him go to Weazel's office. Next day the report of the decision was confirmed and A. & B. fell seven points right away.

As Bob hadn't been seen at the Exchange, Weazel believed that he had caught the boy to the tune of a couple of thousand dollars. Bob set about to find out, if he could, who Shipper was. He discovered that he was a broker, not connected with the Exchange. He could learn nothing whatever about the identity of Hacker, the name signed to the paper dropped in his office by Weazel, and came to the conclusion that it was a myth. That day Fritz, who had been over to Leslie's office on an errand returned with two notes.

One was from Cashier Black, the other was in a female hand and was marked "Special." Bob opened the cashier's first and noted its contents, then he opened the other. It was from his friend, Miss Stile, the stenographer who had given him the winning tip when he was in Mr. Leslie's counting room.

"Dear Mr. King," it ran, "I have another tip for you, and it's just as good as the other one. A syndicate has been formed to send up R. & G. and Mr. Gates" (her employer) "is doing the buying. Lose no time in buying this stock. It is likely to go up twenty points."

"Yours confidentially,
"JESSIE STILES."

"You're an angel, Jessie!" breathed Bob. "I'll take a chance on your pointer."

As he had to make the purchase on margin, he was obliged to put it through on the outside, so he went to the little bank before he went to the Exchange and bought 2,000 shares of R. & G. at 95, putting up \$20,000—all his capital—on account. During the ten days that followed he was able to keep track of the stock on the spot where the syndicate's brokers were manipulating it, and he saw every move they made.

The stock fluctuated at first, after reaching par, and a good deal of business was done in it, but after the syndicate got control of the market the price went up steadily. Finally the price got as high as 116 and then Bob sold, clearing \$42,000. When he collected his money he gave \$2,000 to Miss Stiles, which represented five per cent. of his winnings, and she was perfectly satisfied, since it was like finding that amount of money. Bob's money now amounted to \$60,000, and he felt that by the time Mr. Leslie got back he would have all the money he needed to carry on his own brokerage business.

CHAPTER XII.—Setting the Trap.

One afternoon several brokers dropped in about four o'clock to see Bob. The chief topic of conversation was a sharp game that Weazel and his particular cronies had pulled off on a certain broker, doing him out of about \$50,000.

"I'd like to see a job pulled off on Weazel himself," said one of the brokers. "What's sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander."

"Oh, a dozen schemes have been put up on him, but he always managed to save himself," replied another. "He and his friends are the foxiest crowd in the Street."

"He tried to rope me in several times," said Bob, "but I'm glad to say that he didn't succeed."

"Weazel ought to be fired out of the Exchange, but the trouble is to get evidence of sharp practices against him," said Broker Fox.

After the crowd had expressed their opinion of Weazel they took their leave. A day or two afterward Bob got his third tip from Miss Stiles. This was to the effect that a corner was forming in Kentucky Northern, the price of which was then low in the market. Bob was preparing to buy 5,000 shares on the usual margin for himself, when it suddenly occurred to him that this offered an excellent chance to try and trap Weazel. Knowing that Broker Fox was down on Weazel like a carload of iron, Bob called around to see him.

"I've got a scheme that will do Weazel up if I can get him to bite," he said.

"What's your scheme?"

"I've got it from good authority that Kentucky Northern is going up soon. If I could get him to sell me an option for 10,000 shares on it and at the same time prevent him from buying the stock at the market, I'd get him where the hair is short."

Fox became interested and they went more into the details of the scheme.

"We might catch the rascal," he said. "Briggs is another of the crowd. Casey is a third, and Shipper makes up the quartet of sharpers, though he doesn't amount to a whole lot."

"Well, I'll work, or try to work, Weazel; you tackle Briggs, Casey and Shipper," said Bob. "Everything, however, depends on getting the information to them in a proper manner of a coming slump in Kentucky Northern."

Fox, eager to bring about a whack at the sharp crowd, lost no time in calling some of his friends in consultation. They were just as eager as Fox was to work the job. So they laid their plans, and in a day or two Weazel, Briggs, Casey and Shipper each received a private tip that a bear syndicate had been formed to beat down the price of Kentucky Northern. Bob ran against Weazel on the street.

"How do you do, Mr. Weazel!" he said.

"Hello, King! How are things coming?"

"All right. By the way, do you ever sell options?"

"Why do you ask?" said Weazel, pricking up his ears.

"I want to buy one."

"What stock?"

"Kentucky Northern. It seems to be down to bed-rock and is due for a rise, in my opinion. As I'm shy of money enough to buy the stock outright, or even the quantity I want on margin, I'm willing to give a two-point advance for 10,000 shares for the privilege of a fifteen-day call. I'll pay five per cent. of the current value as a deposit. At the end of two weeks I hope to have the money to take up the stock."

Weazel scratched his chin. The temptation to take up with Bob was great. The market value of 10,000 shares at that moment was \$60,000. A five-per-cent deposit of that would amount to \$32,500. Bob offered to pay him 67 in fifteen days for the stock. The prospect was alluring to him, so alluring that he failed to suspect that there might be something back of Bob's offer.

"I'll take you up," he said. "Come to my office."

"I must get the money," said Bob. "I'll meet you there within half an hour."

"All right," said Weazel, and they parted.

Twenty minutes later Bob was on hand at Weazel's office and the deal was made. Bob paid over the deposit to the broker and received the signed order. Similar interviews took place between Fox and Briggs, Townsend and Casey, and a broker named Osborn and Shipper, about the same time.

What the four conspirators mostly feared was that the sharpers, being friends, would come together, compare notes, and tumble to the ruse. They would then at once buy 10,000 shares of Kentucky Northern each at the market price of 65, hold it fifteen days and rake in \$20,000 profit each, besides having the laugh on the parties who tried to catch them napping. Of course, Bob and

his three pals on the job were bound to make a good thing out of the rise of the stock according to the tip the former had obtained from the stenographer, but half of their satisfaction would be lost if they failed to trap the four sharpers they were laying for. They would not have been the least bit uneasy had they known the natures of the sharpers better. Those gentlemen, being like to each other's sharpness, never came together at any time to compare notes except when they had a united game on themselves. Briggs, Casey and Shipper eagerly sold the fifteen-day options to Fox, Townsend and Osborn, chuckling to think that they knew the price was going to take a tumble, and they stood to win a big profit.

That afternoon Fox, Townsend and Osborn called at Bob's office to see if the young broker had been as successful as themselves. Bob was waiting for them.

"How goes it, gentlemen?" he asked, as soon as they were seated in his office.

"Fine as silk!" said Fox. "We three have got our options. How about yourself?"

"Gaze on that," said Bob, showing Weazel's option.

"Good!" cried the brokers, in chorus.

After some further talk the conference broke up and the four brokers went to their homes. Next day Kentucky Northern dropped a point, and each of the sharpers privately shook hands with himself and chuckled. On the succeeding day it dropped another point, to the great satisfaction of the foxy quartet. Then it recovered a point, and before the option-sellers knew where they were at it jumped up to 67.

CHAPTER XIII.—Caught in the Trap.

The sudden and unexpected reversal in the price of Kentucky Northern brought consternation into the camps of the sharpers. If it went higher, every point meant the loss of \$10,000. No wonder they were paralyzed. Next day the stock kept on going up, and the crowd were all aghast. When it reached 69, Weazel came to the conclusion that his tip had gone wrong, and that to save himself further loss he had better buy the 10,000 shares to cover his option. So he bid 60 for any part of 10,000 shares. There was no response to his bid.

The syndicate's broker laughed and bid 70 for any part of 5,000 shares. That gave Weazel a fit. He wouldn't bid 70, and went away, trusting to luck that the price would fall. But instead of that it went right up to 75, where it stopped for the day. At that figure Weazel stood to lose \$70,000, and he was half crazy. The other three sharpers were also in a funk, for Briggs and Casey had tried to cover their options at 70 and couldn't do it. As for Shipper, he saw nothing but bankruptcy ahead, and cursed the day he had been persuaded to buy the option. Weazel met Casey on the street.

"What are you looking so glum about, Weazel?" said Casey.

"Nothing," growled Weazel, who didn't want Casey to know how he had been trapped. "You don't look any too gay yourself."

collection, when

"I don't feel gay," admitted Casey. "I sold 10,000 shares of Kentucky Northern, expecting it was going on the toboggan, and I've got caught."

"Ten thousand shares!" ejaculated Weazel, surprised at the coincidence between Casey's hard luck and his own. "Couldn't you cover when the stock began going up?"

"No. I couldn't find a share. It's all been cornered by some syndicate."

"It was a short sale, wasn't it?"

"Worse. It's an option."

"An option!" almost gasped Weazel. "Who did you sell it to?"

"Townsend."

Along came Briggs at that moment, looking as solemn as a judge about to pass a death sentence.

"How are things, Briggs?" asked Weazel.

"Rotten!"

"I thought so from your face. Haven't lost your mother-in-law, have you?"

"No. I sold an option for 10,000 Kentucky Northern some days ago, on the strength of a tip I got that it was going to slump, and now I'm badly caught."

Here was another option case for the same number of shares, and Weazel turned several colors.

"So you're in the boat, too," he said.

"What do you mean?" asked Briggs.

"I mean that we three have been trapped by somebody."

"Trapped!"

"Yes, trapped. I sold an option the other day on the strength of a tip on Kentucky Northern, and so did Casey here. Who did you sell it to?"

"Fox."

"He's a particular friend of Townsend, who bought the option of Casey, and the pair are hand-in-glove with young King, who induced me to sell him my option. It is a put-up job all around. That's as clear as daylight."

At that juncture Shipper joined them.

"You haven't been selling an option on Kentucky Northern, too, have you?" asked Weazel.

"How did you know I had?"

"I didn't know, but your answer satisfies me that you're in the same trap with the rest of us."

"What do you mean by a trap?" asked Shipper.

"Did you get a tip that Kentucky Northern was going to slump?"

"I did."

"Then somebody came along and asked you to sell a 10,000-share option for fifteen days on the stock."

"Yes, it was Osborn."

"Of course. Another one of that bunch. And you sold it, expecting to make a good haul?"

"I did—hang the luck!"

"And now you're \$70,000 behind the price at which you agreed to sell the stock?"

Shipper admitted that he was.

"And to-morrow at this time we are likely to be over \$100,000 to the bad."

"I'm busted now if the stock don't go back," said Shipper.

"And how about you, Briggs?"

"That would clean me out, seat and all, and leave me behind," said Briggs.

"There you are. It's clear we are facing absolute ruin, and we can't do a thing to save ourselves. Our only hope lies in a break in the market, and from present indications I don't see any chance of it. I think the four of us had better go and jump into the bay."

With those words, Weazel walked off. On the other hand, Bob and his three confederates were feeling fine. At that moment each was \$70,000 ahead on his option.

CHAPTER XIV.—A Young Broker's Money.

On the twelfth day of the option, Kentucky Northern was up to 85. The King quartet decided to call on the sharpers for the stock, though they were satisfied that the best those individuals could do was to produce a small part of it. The difference they would have to make up by paying a matter of \$18 a share. Bob was the first to act. He walked into Weazel's office and asked for his 10,000 shares.

"Have you got a certified check for \$670,000, less your deposit?" asked the sharp broker.

"I'll produce it when you produce the stock," replied Bob.

"Well, I haven't got the stock. What will you settle for?"

"Eighteen dollars a share."

"I'll give you \$15."

"No, you won't. You'll pay me \$180,000, plus my deposit of \$32,500—in all, \$212,500. Write your check for that sum and have it certified and I'll return you the option."

"I haven't got that amount at my bank. I'll have to raise it."

"All right. I'll give you until three to-morrow to settle."

With these words Bob left. He reported to Fox and that broker then called on Briggs. That sharper said he would be ruined if he had to pay \$18 a share.

"Sorry," replied Fox, "but you'll have to come down or get out of the Street."

"The best I can do will be to raise \$150,000 and give you my note for the balance."

"That will do, but your note will have to carry a responsible indorser, or you must give me a lien on your seat in the Exchange."

As Briggs knew he couldn't get the right indorser, he agreed to the lien.

"I'll expect you at my office to-morrow at three," said Fox, getting up.

Townsend called on Casey and made the same arrangement with him. Then Osborn went around to see Shipper.

"I can't pay but \$5 a share and continue in business," said Shipper.

"I'll take \$5 a share on account and your note at one year for the balance. If you can't take it up at the end of that time, as I imagine you won't be able to, I'll renew it for a payment on account. Those are the best terms I can make with you. I ought to drive you out of the Street, for you deserve it."

So Shipper settled on those drastic terms. Fox, Townsend and Osborn pooled their cash and their

notes and divided even. Bob retained his profits, all of which he got in cash, and presented Miss Stiles with ten brand-new \$1,000 bills. Her business in tips had proved quite lucrative to her, and she considered Bob a perfect gentleman, but then he could afford to be generous in a small way with her, for he had made something over \$200,000 through her tips. Of course he took great risks each time, but, on the whole, there was a large element of chance in his favor. It was about this time that Henry Higgings and Herbert Leslie were heard from out in St. Louis.

The police of all the big cities had been notified to have an eye for them. The scent, however, had grown cold and they might have passed all the policemen in the West without detection had not Herbert been arrested for intoxication. He gave his right name at the station, and the man at the desk, having a bright memory, reported the similarity of names to his captain. Next morning, when Herbert sobered up, he was taken to court, fined \$10, which he paid, and was discharged.

Then he was followed and, as a result, Higgings was nabbed. As no request had been made for Herbert's arrest, he was not pulled in again. Higgings stood on his rights and had to be extradited. Herbert returned to New York of his own accord, but found his uncle in Europe and the house barred against him. Bob met him and told him his uncle had left him a weekly stipend of \$10, which he could collect at the office. There was \$60 already due him, which he got, and then he got his belongings at the house and carried them elsewhere. When Higgings was finally brought on he was prosecuted on three counts of forgery and got five years on each, which entitled him to free lodgings at Sing Sing for ten years, if he behaved himself, for his commutation amounted to five years.

Bob called regularly on Claire Coleman once a week, but after Mr. Leslie returned a well man, he increased it to twice a week. Then they became engaged and he called still oftener. A year later they were married, and at Caleb Drew's request they took up their home with him, for he had given up the money-lending business and devoted himself wholly to his library.

He was worth a matter of \$150,000, all of which was willed to Claire. As Bob was now worth \$350,000, their united prospects amounted to half a million. Bob always figured that the biggest money he had made at one time was by trapping the sharpers of Wall Street.

Next week's issue will contain "DOLLARS AND CENTS; or, FROM CASH BOY TO PARTNER."

Directory Canvasser—What is your husband's occupation? Mrs. O'Hoolihan—Sure, an' it's a shovel engineer on a railroad he do be. Directory Canvasser—You mean a civil engineer, don't you? Mrs. O'Hoolihan—Faith, an' yez may be roight, sor. He's civil enough, Oi'm afther thinkin', but annyway he shovels the coal into the engin' miteen days.

Besides having the law, they were determined to catch them napping.

CURRENT NEWS

LADYBIRD BEETLES' BANQUET.

A feast royal has been enjoyed by 13,000 ladybird beetles on a handful of vetch aphids in the entomology laboratory of the Oregon Agricultural College Experiment Station. The beetles were collected from their winter hibernation quarters on top of a nearby butte, and will be used to help combat vetch aphids infecting local fields, and it is hoped valuable information will be obtained from the experiment. They are the natural enemies of the plant lice and devour them greedily.

TO LIE IN HUSBAND'S COFFIN.

For sixteen years a coffin containing the ashes of her husband has occupied a place of honor in the parlor of Mrs. Emma B. Everett's home, Lafayette, Ind. Mrs. Everett, who died May 21, at the age of eighty-six, will be buried in the casket, and the ashes of her husband will be scattered on her grave in Greenbush Cemetery.

Judge Frank B. Everett, the husband, who presided over the County Court here for many years, died in 1905. His body was cremated.

DOG SAVES MASTER'S LIFE.

To the timely arrival of his dog while he was having a desperate fight with a yearling bull in his barnyard, Grant Hawley, a farmer of Lookout, Pa., attributes his life. The bull, which had been considered harmless, suddenly attacked the farmer, and for some time he fought the beast empty handed, keeping hold of one of its horns.

He was finally knocked down, and just at this time the big dog appeared, seized the bull by the nose and held on until Hawley was able to escape. He was not much hurt.

BEES ALIGHT ON MULE.

Work stopped on the Yolo county, Cal., highway one Saturday afternoon, and druggists and veterinarians were kept busy for a few hours after a swarm of bees, blown by a stiff wind, alighted near a band of mules employed on construction work at Carruth Corners, near Esparto. The bees had left the Freeman Parker apiary, bound for other parts. But the queen bee picked out a soft spot on a Missouri mule and the trouble began. One horse was killed, twenty were badly stung, while a number of workmen were forced to apply for medical treatment.

RAREST STAMPS GO UNDER HAMMER.

The world's greatest stamp collection is to be sold at auction by the French Government next month, and is expected to bring at least 100,000,000 francs. The collection was started by Ferrari de la Renautiere, and at the outbreak of the war was owned by an Austro-Italian syndicate, although it was kept in Paris, where it formed the centre of the world's philatelist markets. When it was sequestered some of the neutral owners of the collection tried to prevent its sale, but the Government decided to reject their pleas.

Before the war the collection, which con-

tains more than 75,000 stamps, including the rarest Mauritius, Cape of Good Hope and Guinea series, was valued at 50,000,000 francs. It is understood that French philatelists are trying to raise a fund to keep the collection here, but American amateur collectors, if the exchange rate on the dollar does not drop, will likely control the market.

CRACKS SIXTY SAFES WITH TWO PLAIN TOOLS.

With no other tools than a drill and a hammer, Francis Harmon, 22 years old, left a trail of broken and rifled safes in downtown Broadway and other business sections. When the safes failed to produce the loot he expected or desired he pasted a slip of paper to the safe or a desk on which he had written:

"We are disappointed over the contents of this safe. You must do better, as we may return."

Frequently, however, his resentment aroused after opening an empty safe, he turned to malicious destruction of office property and stock, which he accomplished by flooding the places. He would plug basins and sinks, turn on the faucets and depart when the water was running full force.

Early the other morning Harmon had finished breaking into and exploring nine safes in the different offices at 349 Broadway, and while moving about in the office of Hinchman, Vezin & Co., on the second floor, he carelessly permitted a ray from his lantern to flash near a Broadway window. Policeman John Qungliano of the Beach Street Station saw the light, and when the watchman let him in they found several offices flooded from overflowing basins, but the burglar had gone out of a rear window.

The policeman and the watchman found Harmon concealed in the kitchen of a restaurant next door, at 351 Broadway. He had a revolver, but did not resist arrest. He had no previous record at Police Headquarters. "Oh, I guess you can make it sixty safes I've cracked," admitted Harmon when Inspector Coughlin checked over the long list and sought to know who were his accomplices. Harmon said he had worked alone, but had got a hint how to do it from a man he met in a lodging house.

"Some of the safes were as easy to open as soap boxes," bragged Harmon. "All I had to do was to drill and crack them two inches above the combination and knock off the combination with a hammer. I was an amateur when I began seven months ago, and I became expert at it."

Copies of the slips of paper like those left behind at some of his robberies were found in his pocket.

Harmon said he would hide in the building before closing time and work his way downstairs, then wait for the place to be opened in the morning and slip out. He said he had worked at various jobs since he was discharged from an orphan asylum at Tarrytown-on-the-Hudson. Magistrate Renaud, in Tombs Court, held him in \$2,500 bail for examination.

A Lawyer At Nineteen

—OR—

FIGHTING AGAINST A FRAUD

By GASTON GARNE

(A Serial Story)

CHAPTER XIV.

The Unsuccessful Raid—A Sleepless Night for Our Hero—A Chance Meeting.

"Sounds like empty premises," said Lew, as the hollow jingling struck on his ear. "I don't believe there's a soul in the house."

"There was a minute ago," observed the hackman.

"What do you mean?"

"While you were scrapping with that fellow and I was running towards you I heard a window go up, looked up, and saw a young woman looking out from the top floor."

"Then she saw enough to alarm her," said Lew. "Stand back here at the edge of the stoop with me, Jimmy, and when I give the word we will jump at that door together and break it in."

They both retired to the very edge of the high stoop, Lew gave the word, and they rushed forward and threw themselves against the door with all their force, hurling it from its fastenings with a loud crash.

The hallway into which they now tried to look was in total darkness.

"Don't rush in there in the dark," cautioned Jimmy Mack. "Let me get one of the lamps from the back."

He ran to the vehicle and returned with one of his lamps in one hand and his heavy whip in the other.

"Let's go to the top floor, where I saw that young woman," he said.

"All right," said Lew.

Up the stairs they went, the hackman leading the way with the lamp in his hand, and Lew following with the heavy whip held ready for instant use, and in a moment had reached the top floor. The door of the front room was open, and when they entered the apartment they found it empty, the sole evidence of recent occupation being a lighted lamp that stood on an otherwise bare mantel.

At that moment the sounds made by a galloping horse and a heavy wagon on the pavement outside caused them to look from the window and they saw the wagon containing the police and Eddie Blakesley drive up to the door.

They ran down the stairs to meet the blue-coats, and a thorough search of the house was made. It was only a repetition of the former searches that had been made, for they found nothing, and with the exception of the lighted lamp in the top room there was no sign that anybody had been there recently.

The rear basement door was open. This door led out to a vacant lot, which in turn conducted to the street at the back of the house, and it seemed clear that whoever had been in the house had departed by that route.

"That woman caught sight of us," said Jimmy Mack, "and she got out at once while the scrap was going on, and if the girl was here she certainly took her along."

"What did she look like to you?" asked Lew.

"Well," said the hackman, "as well as I could see her by the light of the street lamps she was only a young girl, with black eyes and black hair, and she was mighty good looking."

Uncertain as the description was, it made the young lawyer think of Grace Carrington, the young girl who had caused his arrest on a false charge.

Here one of the policemen spoke up.

"Sergeant," he said to the officer in command, "I had this beat until two months ago, and I know that this house has been empty for five years and is tied up in some sort of a lawsuit."

"That's the kind of premises the rascals are looking for all the time for their work," said Lew. "They probably got in here with false keys without anybody being the wiser. However, I've got a prisoner, sergeant, under the front steps of the house, and you had better bring him in and question him."

The man was brought in by two policemen, the bonds removed, and the light from the coach lamp flashed in his face. He was a man of about forty, with a very simple expression on his face.

He looked from one to the other with a foolish grin on his face, and Lew at once made up his mind that the fellow was playing a part.

"What is your name?" asked the sergeant.

"Johnnie Jones," was the reply, with a broad grin.

"What were you coming in this house for?"

"Looking for a night's lodging."

"Oh, you've got a key, have you?"

"No, it's warm weather and I sleep under the stoop."

"A likely story. Where do you live?"

"Got no home," was the mournful answer.

"Oh, you have no home, and when you were making for the steps you had to do it on a run, and when this young man tackled you you had to fight for your night's lodging," sneered the sergeant. "We'll give you a night's lodging at the station house, and when you are paraded before the detectives in the morning you may have your memory refreshed. Take him away, boys."

All hands left the empty house, the prisoner going along with the police and the hack taking Lew and Eddie to their respective homes. Two policemen were left behind by the sergeant, who promised to send detectives to the house at once, and to make every endeavor to find the missing girl. The young lawyer was deep in thought all the way to his home, and he didn't think of the matter at all. He was certain that the man who called himself Johnnie Jones would not talk, no matter how much pressure was brought to bear upon him, and Lew was of the opinion that as nothing serious could be proved against him that the police would finally have to let him go.

(To be continued.)

THE NEWS IN SHORT ARTICLES

CLOSE CALL.

P. W. Herren, who lives on the Rolling Fork, Ky., found himself in an uncomfortable position just after the heavy rain recently, when he tried to ford the Rush branch. A part of the harness gave way and the horse walked out and left him sitting in the buggy in the middle of the stream with a big rise from the heavy rains coming down. Friends, however, drove in and brought him back to safety.

COWBOY GORED TO DEATH.

Jerry Wright, of Brady, Texas, one of the cowboys exhibiting with a roundup at Parsons, Kan., died from injuries sustained when he was gored by a steer which he was trying to throw before a large audience. Wright jumped from his horse and downed the steer, which rolled on him, its horns piercing his abdomen. He was rushed to a hospital, where he died within the hour.

WESTON STILL HIKES AT 82.

Edward P. Weston, the aged pedestrian who once walked across the continent, still walks about twelve miles daily, according to his neighbors near Rosendale, although 82 years old.

Weston has been living recently on a farm in Plutarch, six miles from Rosendale. Each day the weather is favorable the veteran walker hikes to Rosendale and back. He also hikes another three miles a day to get his mail.

BOOK CAME BACK.

"The Puppet Crown" book came back the other day. It left Dec. 11, 1909, and in the years it was away it lost polish and took on a ragged sort of look. It is tarnished and its back is bent. There are many "stars" made by thumb prints on the "crown." "But the jewels in it sparkle as bright as they ever did," according to Miss Nellie Tosh, assistant librarian, who received the book by parcel post recently.

"The Puppet Crown" was lent by the public library in Kansas City, Ka., to Irene Ireton, then living at No. 2910 North Fifth Street. Where it went from there is a mystery. Irene does not live at that address now. A new card will be made out and the book again placed on the shelves for circulation.

MELONS GROW UNDER PAPER.

As a result of experiments conducted for three years a melon farmer near Wenatchee, Wash., is papering thirty acres of his land much the same as a paper hanger covers walls.

The material is cheap building paper that has been treated with a light coating of tar. The plan worked out is to cover the field to mulch the soil. Holes are cut for the hills of melons. The sturdy plants send their creepers and runners out over the paper, but all weeds are smothered. There is a 50 per cent. saving in labor for cultivation and irrigation.

The water from the ditches seeps under the paper mulch remaining many days longer than when exposed to the burning sun of this semi-arid section.

For several years a number of cantaloupe growers have experimented with paper mulching, which has also been carried on to some extent in the pineapple plantations in Hawaii. It was found that the vines produced cleaner and sweeter fruit when allowed to ripen on the clean paper floor, and that there was an absence of pests. The question of a suitable material is the real solution to the successful project of this new idea as a heavy porous felt paper is desired.

Should the scheme become of extensive use a co-operative paper mill to manufacture suitable material from straw and cornstalks may be built.

Many farmers mulch their melons with straw and hay, but find this material becomes wet and rots, damaging the ripening fruit. The straw and hay also harbor a multitude of insects and weeds grow through.

The paper is laid flat and the edges cemented. Round openings are cut for hills and earth and sand bury the cut edges, forming a bowl-shaped crater, out of which the vines emerge.

"Mystery Magazine"

SEMI-MONTHLY

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HARRY E. WOLFF, Pub., 166 W. 23d St., New York

The "White Death."

By PAUL BRADDON.

The ranch of Senor Diaz was on a charming slope overlooking the broad waters of one of the tributaries of the Parana, on whose opposite shore the rank grass grew ten and twelve feet high. The house itself had a tropical character; it was Spanish-American, with cool, shady veranda, a long, low front, painted walls and latticed windows, a spacious court, and a flat roof, provided with a parapet, which gave the structure the semblance of a fort. Many acres of cultivated land showed long lines of sugar cane and tall trees laden with bananas, in surprising contrast to the dark, impenetrable mass of wild bush land which surrounded the settlement in the farther distance.

Senora Diaz was one of the tropical beauties of whom Murillo dreamed.

"I am going to test your gallantry," she said, coming out on the veranda where I sat, "by asking you to help me water my flowers, for with my lame hand it is not easy for me to lift the heavy watering-pot."

"I am at your service, but allow me—am I wrong?—to remind you that you promised me the story of how your hand was lamed."

"Certainly. As soon as the flowers are watered we will have coffee on the veranda, and you shall hear all about it."

Accordingly, I was shortly sipping coffee, with the little Lolita, my host's only daughter, and my pet, beside me, while her mother rolled a cigarette, lighted it, and began as follows:

"When we first came here, years ago, it was a very different-looking place. The wild bush land reached to the edge of the water, and was such a dark wilderness of thorns, brambles, palms, wild fig trees, and other tropical vegetation, that I did not dare venture in its depths. But my husband and his workmen went manfully to work, felled trees, unrooted stumps, made hedges and ditches, all day long, except in the severest part, and I often saw them come home so wearied that they would fall asleep where they stood, and first think of food three or four hours later when they awoke.

"After a while they got a portion of the ground under settlement, but had a throng of foes to combat. The worst were the ants, which, watched for on account of their depredations on plantations, have a way of making underground passages till they undermine the whole surface of a field, and it falls in like the crust of a cake. Just north of us is a great gap in the ground, full of bushes and wild grass, with here and there some rotten timber, where a whole settlement sank from the ants undermining the foundations. From this comes the saying we have in Paraguay that our worst enemies are the Indian slaves and the Indian ants.

"Luckily, the only Indians were friendly ones, who exchanged all kinds of provisions, especially dried meats, for knives and brandy. We poisoned the ants, dug up their nests, flooded their

passageways with boiling water, and so, in a great measure, were free from them, although they now sometimes come from the woods to attack the plantation.

"But after them came another plague—snakes. For a long time I thought it was hopeless. My husband used to call them the tax collectors, and they did come just as regularly. No day passed without our finding one or more in the house. And once—oh, heavens!—what a fright I had! When Lolita was a baby my husband and his men had gone off one morning to work, as usual, and the child was asleep on a mat at the end of the room. Suddenly I saw on the floor the skin of a mouse, from which the whole body had been sucked, as from an orange. I knew at once that a snake must be near, for they feed on mice, and eat them in this fashion; but, much as I looked around, I could see no snake, till all at once it occurred to me—perhaps it was under the baby's mat! I snatched the child up and placed her in safety. Then I softly lifted a part of the mat, and there it was, the long, slimy, green and gold reptile, coiled up and fast asleep. Ah, how I jumped! I ran out in the court to call help. Luckily our man Jose was there, and he killed it. But as we cleared more acres the snakes left us to hide in the forest. I began to hope our cares were ended, but they had only just begun. Wild beasts now first appeared on the scene.

"One morning, just as we were at breakfast, one of our herdsmen brought the news that our cattle, which grazed in the tall grass on the other side of the river, had been attacked by a jaguar, that had killed one of the bulls. The man who told us just barely escaped with his life, yet he would scarcely have done so if he had not misled the beast, or had there not been a fat ox there.

"A week passed without a new alarm, and we had come to think less about it, when suddenly three or four Indians rushed to tell us how a great jaguar had broken into their camp and killed a woman and one of their dogs. When my husband heard the story he concluded that it was the same animal that had attacked our bull, for the Indians described it as a creature of singular color, far lighter than any they had seen about there, so they named it 'The White Death.' We all thought it now time to do something, and my husband called his people together to go out and hunt it.

"I remember that morning distinctly. They went away cheerfully enough, each man with his gun and hunting knife, and Moro, the bloodhound, was with them. My husband turned round just as he entered the wood and kissed his hand to me; then they vanished in the forest.

"When I found myself with Lolita in the house, and thought of what might happen if they met that terrible wild animal, such anxiety seized me (although I never thought I could be in danger) that I could not be contented till I had locked every door in the house; and then I seated myself in the great sitting room, and Lolita came upon my lap, and tried to tell her a story.

"Suddenly I heard a scratch along the roof, and then a dull thud, as if something heavy had fallen. Anxious and nervous as I was, I started up with a cry, although I had no presentiment

what it was. The next moment I heard just over me a sound which I could not mistake—a long, passionate roar, that I had often heard from the woods at night, and never without feeling as if my heart stood still. The thought rushed through my mind, 'Oh, Heaven! The jaguar!'

"I shall never forget that moment. One minute I was rigid and helpless as if life had departed, and then a thought flashed upon me—the jaguar was not to be kept off of the lower floor, because there were no doors, only curtains. There was a large empty chest in the room, and I seized my child and entered it, shutting down the lid and holding it from the inside.

"It was not a moment too soon. We were scarcely hidden when I heard the great paws scratching along the floor, and the hungry sniffing of the jaguar showed me that he was in search of food. He came straight to the chest, and paused a moment, as if he feared a trap. Then he put his head close to a small opening, so that I could feel his hot breath. He sniffed a little, and then tried to raise the lid with a paw.

"How I trembled! But the great paw would not go in the narrow crevice, and I held the cover fast by clinging to the inner part of the lock with all my strength of desperation. All he could do was to stretch out his tongue and lick my fingers till they bled, as if they had been scratched by a saw. And then, as he tasted blood, and heard Lolita cry—for my poor darling was just as frightened as I was—his eagerness increased, and he began to make piercing yells, which sent icy chills over me.

"Still the worst was yet to come. When the jaguar found that he could not reach me from below he sprang upon the chest. His huge weight crushed my two fingers between the two parts of the lock. Then I thought all was over, and shrieked so that it rang through the whole house.

"But my cries were answered by a sound that made my heart throb with joy—answered by the barking of our bloodhound. The jaguar heard it, too, for he sprang down, and stood for a moment listening, and then ran to the door, as if to flee.

"Again came the sound of the dog's bark, this time nearer, and at the same time the voices of men calling to each other. Contrary to expectation, they were already coming back. Meanwhile, the jaguar seemed to be bewildered, and ran wildly to and fro. Suddenly a loud cry came from one of the windows, and then two more and a fearful howl. Then my husband's voice anxiously called:

"Cochita, where are you?"

"I could just get out of the chest, drag myself to the door and let my husband in. Then I swooned away.

"They told me afterward that our bloodhound found the jaguar's trail, leading straight back to our house, and they all hurried home like mad.

"My husband and Jose came ahead, and shot the jaguar.

"I could not move a joint of that hand for many weeks afterward. The Indians gave me medicine to heal it, and they say that after a while I can use it again. I did not need this injury to make me remember that day. If I were to live a thousand years I could not forget the terrible moments I spent in that chest."

SNAKES AND TARANTULAS SWARM OVER STEAMSHIP.

Many are the stories about Greek and Italian fruit merchants sleeping comfortably in their flats on bunches of bananas and crates of alligator pears, using a bag of peanuts as a pillow.

But the story brought to this old port of New York the other day by the crew of the United Fruit Liner Zacapa, transcends the most awful nightmare of man or quadruped that has ever camped under a banana tree growing the "boneless" or so-called "spineless" banana.

With snakes and tarantulas reported swarming among the bananas in the holds, the steamship Zacapa arrived from Tela, Honduras, after one of the most exciting voyages since she has been in commission.

The first snake was seen the first day out of Tela by Captain Walter Barrett and George Dexter, fruit observer, on their morning round of inspection. This was a brown-colored snake believed to be a member of the moccasin family and, according to Mr. Dexter, more than four feet long.

Captain Barrett ran into the reptile in close quarters and he and Dexter made a hurried exit through the small opening into the hold and out on deck. They then armed themselves with clubs and went back to kill the snake, but discovered no traces of it.

Examination of the fruit in transit is made twice a day by the captain and fruit observer and every four hours by the officers on watch. The next day out numerous tarantulas were seen.

The first of these elect of the scorpion family sprang from a bunch of bananas to lick the hand of Second Officer S. K. Miller, and ran up his arm before he could push it off. First Officer G. D. Lawson and Arthur Wilson also saw snakes and tarantulas, according to the reports made by members of the crew and officers, the second and third day out from Tela.

The only reason for the reptiles and the banana bugs being in the cargo that could be figured out by the officers was that the bananas were all loaded by machinery, which handles bunches very gingerly instead of the rougher methods when manual labor is employed.

The Zacapa in calling at Tela did so to open up a new banana shipment port, and the fruit loaded into the Zacapa was all from a new plantation of young trees which had not been worked over a great length of time.

For this reason it is thought the jungle snakes are more numerous there than on the older plantations.

After the Zacapa had been at sea three days there was little more seen of the bugs and reptiles. This, according to the officers, was due to the fact that the fruit stored in the refrigerator holds had been cooled down to a point where the tarantulas were being thoroughly benumbed by the cold air. Their first familiarity was occasioned by the instinct for warmth, when the serpents saw the light the officers carried with them into the holds.

In all the officers were sure they had seen seven different snakes besides the tarantula.

The Zacapa brought only five passengers to New York.

Fame and Fortune Weekly

NEW YORK, JULY 1, 1921.

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166 West 23d St., New York

ITEMS OF INTEREST

FARMER KILLS LION.

N. P. Hagan, a farmer living near Yoakum, Tex., reports that he killed a lion on his ranch near Kelly Creek, in Lavaca County, and sent the hide to San Antonio to be made into a rug. Since the killing, he says, three more have been seen in the same neighborhood, but were not captured.

Mr. Hagan is unable to account for the appearance of these beasts in this part of the country, as they are the first ever seen here by the present settlers.

WOMAN MUMMY FOUND IN DENMARK.

The mummified body of a woman who died 3,000 years ago was found recently buried in a field in the Jutland district of Denmark and is being unwrapped by employees of the National Museum. Her coffin was the hollow trunk of an oak tree and the body was wrapped in a cowhide, says a cablegram to the New York *Herald*. She appears to have been a person of rank. Her garments included a short jacket with sleeves and a petticoat and she wore two belts around her waist and two bronze bracelets on her arms.

DEFIES BIG MEN TO LIFT HER.

Mme. Komako Kimura of Tokio won the applause of an audience the other night in the Anderson Galleries, Park avenue and 59th street, New York, by feats that puzzled a lay committee that went to the stage to watch her.

Count Tolstoy, Dr. G. A. Gayer and Count Markoe, each robust, found her ninety pounds only normal weight when she willed it so, but each strained himself in vain to lift her when she stood on tiptoe to lay a finger on his neck, thus matching with her tiny finger the performance of Johnnie Coulon, who was the season's sensation in Paris, when he resisted the efforts of strong men there to lift him. Attempts to lift Mme. Kimura failed equally when she stood with her back to the big men and did not touch their necks.

Next the smiling little Japanese woman matched her skill against the strength of the same men by inviting them to lower a stick, which she held across her open palms, by bearing their weight on it while firmly grasping it.

They grew red in the face, but could not press the stick downward.

Her most puzzling feat involved the help of her husband, Prof. Hideo Kimura. Seated in a chair in apparent meditation for a moment or two, she slowly raised a bared arm, into which the professor thrust a needle for its full length of about three inches. The thrust drew no blood and Mme. Kimura said she felt no sensation of pain. Edward Markham, poet; John Reilly, attorney; Dr. W. H. Bates and Count Markoe examined the arm while the needle was in it and assured the audience that there was no stain of blood.

The appearance of Prof. and Mrs. Kimura was supplementary to a lecture on "What Are Ghosts?" by Dr. Hereward Carrington, which had brought an audience curious about spooks and hoping for a look-in on the spirit world. Dr. Carrington talked entertainingly of phantoms, hallucinations and haunted houses, but produced no spirits."

LAUGHS

"Tommy, if you'll saw some wood I'll tell you what I'll do." "What's that, dad?" "I'll let you have the sawdust to play circus with."

"All arrivals are washed," exclaimed the warden of the Pittsburg prison. "And if they kick up a fuss?" "Then they are ironed."

Mrs. Gadd—That new minister ain't much on visitin', is he? Mrs. Gabb—No, I guess maybe his wife is a purty good cook herself.

Little Willie—I say, pa, what is an empty title? Pa—An empty title, my son, is your mother's way of referring to me as the head of the house when there are visitors present.

Old Gentleman—Well, my lad, are you going fishing, or are you going to school? Little Lad—I dunno yet. I'm just a-wrastling with me conscience.

"Pop." "Yes, my son." "What is a popular uprising?" "Why, a popular uprising, my boy, is when every man in a street car gets up and offers his seat when one lone woman enters the car."

A kind old gentleman, seeing a very small boy carrying a lot of magazines, was moved to pity. "Don't all those magazines make you tired, my boy?" "Nope," the mite cheerfully replied. "I can't read."

The lecturer raised his voice with emphatic confidence. "I venture to assert," he said, "that there isn't a man in this audience who has ever done anything to prevent the destruction of our forests." A modest looking man in the back of the hall stood up. "I—er—I've shot woodpeckers," he said.

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST

PLOWS UP \$19,300.

Fortune turned her smiling face on John Brazell, of Lansing, La., when the plow which he was operating unearthed \$19,300 in gold. The sum was found on the old Patrick Callahan farm where Brazell was working as a farm hand. The money was in a glass jar and is believed to have been buried on the farm for many years.

ALL DEAD.

Some days ago Randall Jones, of Greencastle, Mo., and a friend went fox hunting, taking two hounds with them. They spent part of the night in an interesting fox chase, and then went home expecting the hounds to follow. When they failed to show up next day another hunt was instituted and they were finally found, along with their late prey, lying in some brush dead. A live electric wire from the Bartlett ranch was dangling by them, and evidently all three had come in contact with it.

ARTISTIC BUILDER SPARES FINE TREE.

Observant commuters on the Montauk division of the Long Island Railroad get a thrill of pleasure between Lynbrook and Rockville Centre, N. Y., if they watch the north side of the track. For, despite the value of real estate with a railroad siding, there is one building materials dealer there with a heart.

This paragon of traders, in building his storehouse, was left a wedge-shaped jog in the structure wide enough to accommodate a large tree. The building, of course, prevents any limbs for the first thirty or forty feet, a fact that has produced a most luxuriant top. The side left open is to the south, another factor that helps keep the semi-incased tree in prime condition.

Despite the cold spring the tree has put forth a wonderful set of leaves as if in grateful recognition of its protection by the surrounding building.

A MEXICAN LION HUNT.

Lassoing lions is better for spring fever than sarsaparilla tea, according to Stanley H. Graham, who has just returned from a three months' hunting trip in Mexico.

He brought back the skins of fourteen mountain lions, eight tigers, twelve deer, twelve Mexican monkeys and twenty peccaries.

"I've hunted nearly every variety of game in North America," he said, "but trailing the mountain lion beats them all for thrills. The only way to hunt lions is with bloodhounds and fast horses. A lion will measure seven feet four inches from nose to tip of tail and weigh 50 pounds. A Mexican lion is what you call a 'hard boiled egg'."

"The real sport is to follow a lion, howling his fury, into a cave. I'd go into the cave with a short carbine and a candle on a pole. The lion would poke his head around an alley in the cave to see the strange light. Then I'd pop him. Of

course the discharge of the gun put out the candle, and it's sort of ticklish on the backbone, because you don't know whether you have really killed him or not."

Graham's wife killed four lions.

"It's more fun than playing bridge," she said.

Graham has what is said to be the only pack of bloodhounds in the world trained to hunt lions. Two of them are worth \$10,000 and have sent eight criminals to the penitentiary because they were able to pick up a scent seventy-two hours old.

Once during the recent hunt the pack ran three days and nights after one lion. Graham's horse played out and the chase was given up. Graham has been hunting for twenty years. He was the hunting friend of former President Roosevelt. When not hunting he sells wallpaper.

HARVARD GRADUATE GIVEN LONELY JOB OF GULL PROTECTOR

Edward Hatch, jr., who owns Four Brothers Island, near Burlington, Vt., a rugged rock that has become famous as the breeding place of sea gulls, yesterday signed up a Harvard graduate for the lonely job of looking after the gulls during their nesting season, a private philanthropy in which Mr. Hatch has been engaged for some years.

There were 1,600 applicants for the position as the result of the insertion of an advertisement in New York City newspapers, which read:

"Wanted—A man to live alone on an island; inland lake; eight miles from sea; transportation, food, shelter, boat, etc., furnished; no work, no compensation. Address Summertime, 600 Tribune Building, New York."

"I have no faith in the theories of Thomas A. Edison when it comes to selecting the man for the place," said Mr. Hatch. "I have found in my experience that a search for the best personnel generally leads to the college man. He may start slowly, but he has the equipment and once started he goes fast and straight."

"That is why I selected a college man to be warden of the gulls. The job is one that requires attitude and judgment such as an educated man may be expected to possess."

Among applicants for the wardenship of a lonely island were naturalists, lawyers, poets, authors, artists, ex-soldiers, sailors and ornithologists.

Mr. Hatch protects the breeding place of the gulls because he believes they are of the greatest value in conserving public health. He has been interested for many years in plans to prevent contamination of the waters of New York harbor. It is estimated that there are 200,000 gulls in and about the harbor, and each of them is said to consume an average of two pounds of refuse a day. To protect the eggs of nesting gulls and save the young from destruction by vandals who visit Four Brothers Island Mr. Hatch has constituted himself protector of the breeding ground. This is the ninth warden appointed.

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST

DOG ADOPTS KITTENS.

An English collie dog is mothering four three-weeks-old kittens at the home of H. H. Crissman, in Upper Lockport, Pa., on the opposite side of the river.

The foster parent is more solicitous for the welfare of the little felines when the mother cat, which has practically deserted them.

Members of the Crissman family say the dog carefully guards the kittens constantly, will permit no stranger to come near and at times joins them in playful antics.

FAMILIAR ANTS' EGGS NOT EGGS.

"Ants' eggs" are familiar to many, either through having purchased them to feed goldfish or having seen them when an ant nest has been dug up in the course of gardening operations. People have called them ants' eggs, but for an ant to lay an egg as large as itself would be rather too much to expect of it.

The life history of ants is similar to that of silkworms. Starting from the true egg, which is very small and in entire proportion to the size of the laying insect, it on being hatched yields a tiny grub. These are nursed and fed by the females and neuters, the latter forming a majority of the inhabitants of a nest. After attaining full size the grub spins a white cocoon around itself and changes into a pupa. It is these pupæ which we have purchased as ants' "eggs."

KILLED RATTLER.

Mrs. M. F. Murray, of Mill Run, Pa., has not allowed her seventy-eight years to make her afraid to fight a snake, even though a rattler.

She proved it the other Friday by killing a rattlesnake four feet long and carrying ten rattles. Although it is not uncommon to encounter rattlesnakes and copperheads in the Mill Run neighborhood, even Mrs. Murray has no recollection of finding a poisonous reptile so early in the spring.

Going out in her yards Mrs. Murray heard an ominous rattle and beheld a big rattler sunning itself a few feet away. Arming herself with a hoe she bravely started an exciting fight with the snake. At the first blow of the hoe the rattler sprang at her. Mrs. Murray stepped back and got in another blow before the snake could coil for another strike. That performance was repeated until the intrepid woman landed a death blow.

SAY WOMAN CARRIED SALOON UNDER SKIRT.

The skirt was added recently to the police list of rum-carrying "vehicles," which had previously only ranged from brief-cases to bath tubs and from baby carriages to motorboats.

Detectives had, on several occasions, made unsuccessful searches for liquor in a saloon at 2,647 Pitkin Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y. Seeing men frequently staggering out of the place, they became convinced that there was some whisky there.

One of the detectives finally noticed that Mrs. Charles Papkus, wife of the proprietor, was wearing a skirt of Civil War capacity, with great ruffles and pleats. They also noticed that Papkus, like the husband of a celebrity, was a lonesome and solitary figure, while Mrs. Papkus was always the centre of a crowd.

At last a plainclothes man of insinuating address got himself admitted to the circle of gallants who danced attendance on Mrs. Papkus and discovered the secret. The skirt, he alleged, was not only a vehicle, but a complete set of bar furniture, with large hidden pockets stocked with liquor and glasses. The popular woman and the neglected husband were both arraigned before County Judge Haskell, in Brooklyn.

NEW MACHINE GUN PENETRATES

The United States Army has developed a .50 calibre machine gun capable of firing a bullet which, at 200 yards, will penetrate the one-inch armor plate of battle tanks. Major Lee O. Wright, army ordnance department, announced May 28, as the annual convention of the ordnance section of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers at Rock Island Arsenal.

The new weapon is an outgrowth of the war, he said, when fighting tanks were armored to resist the .30 calibre bullet of the rifles and machine guns then in use.

The .50 calibre machine gun fires a bullet weighing 800 grains, as compared to the 150 grains of the standard .30 calibre ammunition.

The gun is modeled along the plan of the Browning machine gun developed during the war and weighs sixty-five pounds. The gun has a muzzle velocity of 2,500 feet a second, and an effective range of from 6,000 to 7,000 yards.

In testing the new gun and ammunition the ordnance department has built a rifle range at the Aberdeen, Md., proving grounds, consisting of a pool of water 1,000 yards long and a narrow gauge railroad track running back 7,000 yards.

America's supply of walnut for gun stocks has been so nearly exhausted, Major Wright said, that the ordnance Department is now experimenting with stocks built up from thin layers of walnut cemented together.

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HARRY E. WOLFF, 166 W. 23d St., New York

SCILLY ISLES DON'T CHANGE

The Scilly Islands, which are preparing to welcome the Prince of Wales next month, have not changed much in character since they were first seen by a Prince of Wales, nearly 300 years ago.

After the defeat of the last royalist army in Cornwall in February, 1646, it was thought well to provide for the safety of the King's eldest son, so he and Sir Edward Hyde, the future Earl of Clarendon, sailed for Scilly. There they remained until the middle of April, when fear of capture by the Parliamentary fleet impelled them to make for Jersey.

How the sixteen-year-old Prince passed the seven weeks in Scilly is unknown, but Clarendon certainly was not idle, for it was there he began his monumental "History of the Rebellion and Civil Wars in England." The opening pages of the original manuscript, now at Oxford, is headed "Scilly, March 18, 1646."

The islands are nearly as peaceful as at the time Charles stayed there. Only five—out of about 140—are inhabited; there are no railways, trams, motorbuses, theatres or picture palaces.

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New Hair Growth After BALDNESS

On legal affidavit, John Hart Brittain, business man, certified to this: "My head at the top and back was absolutely bald. The scalp was shiny. An expert said that he thought the hair roots were extinct, and there was no hope of my ever having a new hair growth. Yet now, at an age over 66, I have a luxuriant growth of soft, strong, lustrous hair! No trace of baldness. The pictures shown here are from my photographs." Mr. Brittain certified further:

INDIAN'S SECRET OF HAIR GROWTH

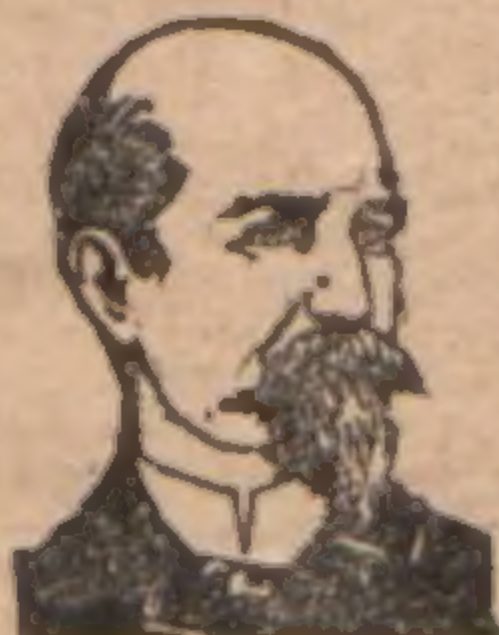


Photo when bald.

"At a time when I had become discouraged at trying various hair lotions, tonics, specialists' treatments, etc., I came across, in my travels, a Cherokee Indian 'medicine man' who had an elixir that he asseverated would grow my hair. Although I had but little faith, I gave it a trial. To my amazement a light fuzz soon appeared. It developed, day by day, into a healthy growth, and ere long my hair was as prolific as in my youthful days.

That I was astonished and happy is expressing my state of mind mildly. Obviously, the hair roots had not been dead, but were dormant in the scalp, awaiting the fertilizing potency of the mysterious pomada. I negotiated for and came into possession of the principle for preparing this mysterious elixir, now called Kotalko, and later had the recipe put into practical form by a chemist.

That my own hair growth was permanent has been amply proved."



After hair growth

How YOU May Grow YOUR Hair

It has been proved in very many cases that hair roots did not die even when the hair fell out through dandruff, fever, alopecia areata or certain other hair or scalp disorders. Miss A. D. Otto reports: "About 8 years ago my hair began to fall out until my scalp in spots was almost entirely bald. I used everything that was recommended but was always disappointed until at last I came across Kotalko. My bald spots are being covered now; the growth is already about three inches." G. W. Mitchell reports: "I had spots completely bald, over which hair is now growing since I used Kotalko." Mrs. Matilda Maxwell reports: "The whole front of my head was as bald as the palm of my hand for about 15 years. Since using Kotalko, hair is growing all over the place that was bald." Many more splendid, convincing reports from satisfied users.

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Mrs. Taylor was towed out from La Salle, two miles above the falls, by river men into the Canadian channel, so that her barrel would pass over the Horseshoe Fall, where the water was deepest.

Her barrel went safely through the upper rapids, took the plunge near the middle of the Horseshoe, and reappeared in the spume below the falls within half an hour. Mrs. Taylor was severely injured and it was necessary to cut the barrel in halves to get her out. While she was receiving medical attention her barrel was stolen.

She recovered from her injuries and made a lecture tour of the West, but met with little success.

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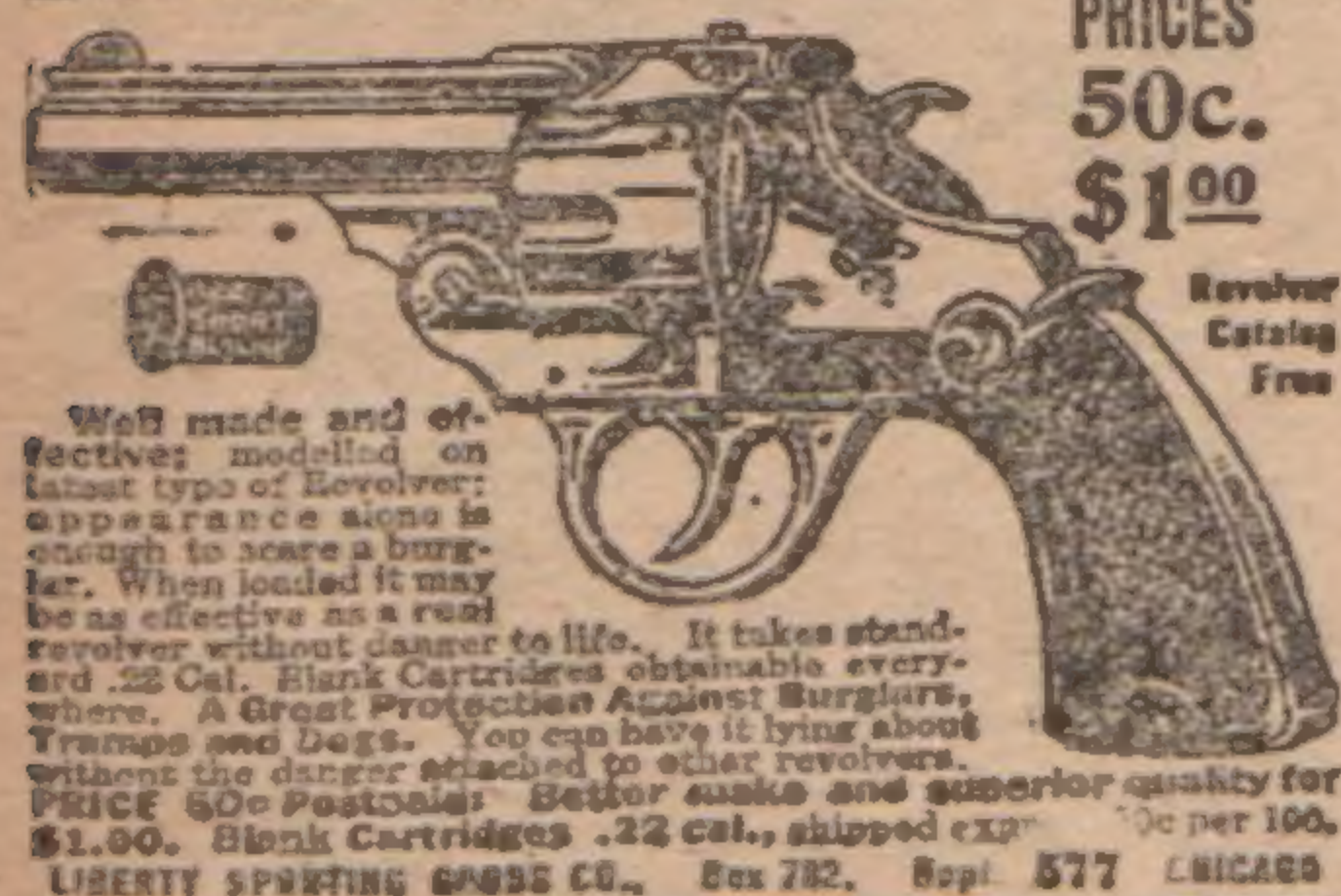
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Announcing recently that he personally "had turned over a new leaf; had cut out liquor, and would never again lay a wager on cards or any other gambling game," according to the **Williamson (W. Va.) Daily News**, Sheriff "Don" Chafin of this (Logan) County invited those inclined toward those pastimes to follow suit or pay the penalty. Since early in January the cleaning-up process has gone on. He personally brought in two or three stills, a lot of other illegal paraphernalia and an automobile load of "evidence," declaring it had been a "slow" week.

"It looks like the boys were taking us at our word and were really going back to the mines and their farms and gardens, rather than keep up the trouble in Logan County by supplying the citizens with 'mountain dew,'" Chafin said, according to the **News**. "Well, they'd better keep on getting good," he is said to have concluded, "as there are not going to be any more liquor violations in Logan when this office gets through."

Chafin is of a typical mountain-eer type.

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